



THE

Tatler

THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

& Bystander 2s. weekly 1 Mar. 1961



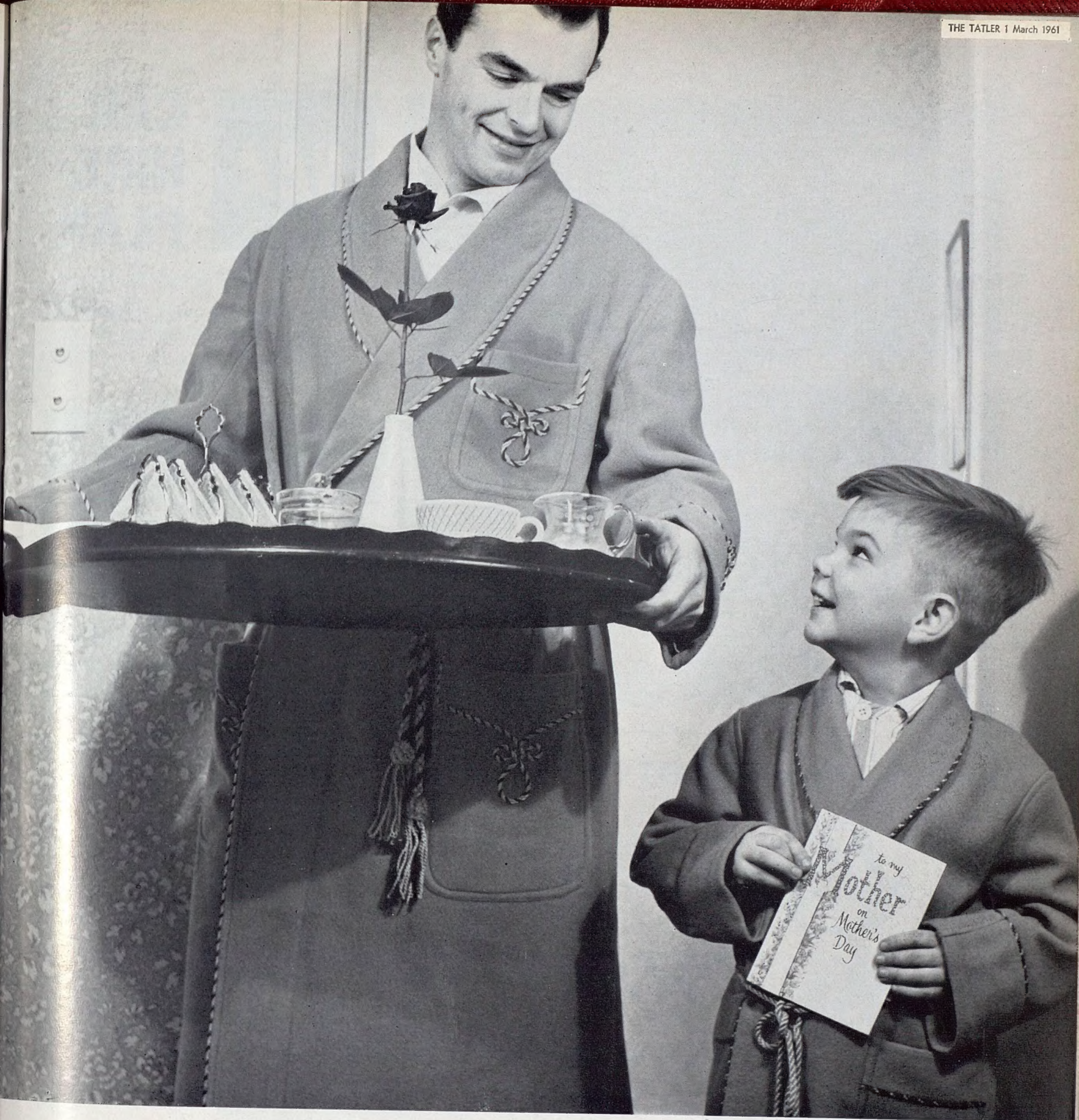
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

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1 MARCH 1961

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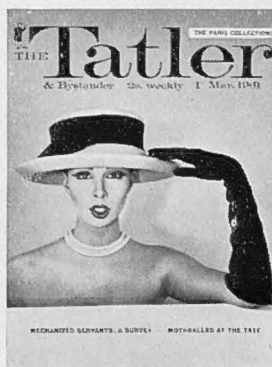
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INTRODUCING A NEW SERIES...



This is Andrew, exploring the possibilities of fitting a flower into the smokestack of his engine. He is the co-star of *Young Family*, first instalment of a new series of photo-features on young people with young children. You can meet him and his sister in photographs by Barry Swaebe on page 406. . . .

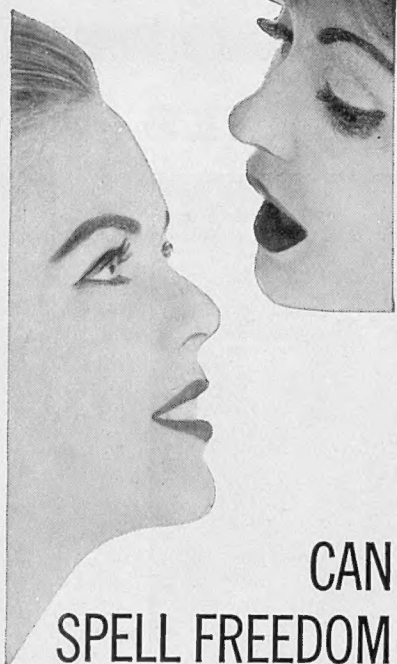
The cover:



Heralding the first pictures of this year's spring collections from Paris (released yesterday) comes this hat by Lanvin-Castillo, one of many Breton shapes shown, all worn well on the forehead. It's in fine panama straw and was photographed by ALFREDO DE MOLLI. Eight pages exhibiting *The wind of change from Paris*, in photographs by Peter Clark, begin on page 410

Next week: Souvenir pages of the Royal Visit to India & Pakistan, with colour . . .

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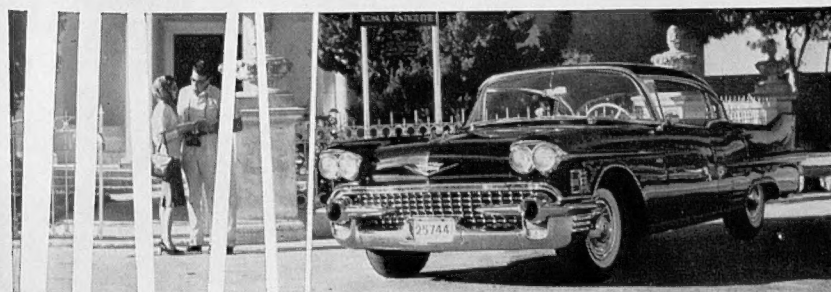
(S) MICHAEL JOSEPH



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61 JHS6190

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL

Dress Show of Summer Fashions, 3 March, at the Officers' Mess, R.A.F. Benson, Oxon, in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Tickets: 25s.

Highland Ball, 3 March, at Claridge's, under the auspices of the Highland Society of London.

University Pitt Club Ball, 4 March, at Cambridge.

Enfield Chase Hunt Ball, 9 March, at Quaglinos.

Cardinals' Ball, 10 March, at the Guildhall and Corn Exchange, Cambridge.

Royal Artillery Hunt Ball, 10 March, at the R.A. Mess, School of Artillery, Larkhill.

Dress Show by Michael, 14 March, at Quaglinos's, in aid of the West London Children's Care Committee Voluntary Fund. Tickets: 2 gns. (reserved 3 gns.) from Mrs. Greif, Flat 5, 62 Holland Park, W.11.

Point-to-points on 4 March: Ayrshire Yeomanry at Tarbolton; Beaufort at Didmarton; Cambridge U. United Hunts Club at Cottenham; Cheshire Forest at Littleton; Cury Harriers at Tehidy; Garth at Tweseldown; Hertfordshire at Friars Wash; North Herefordshire at Newtown; South Durham at Sedgely; South Pool Harriers at Capton; and Sparkford Vale Harriers at Kingweston.

SPORT

Race meetings: Ludlow, Windsor, 2; Haydock Park, Newbury, 3, 4; Kelso, Market Rasen, Warwick, 4; Worcester, Wye, 6; Cheltenham (Gold Cup meeting), 7, 8, 9 March. **Rugby:** R.N. v. Army, Twickenham, 4 March.

Squash rackets: Wales v. Ireland, Cardiff, 10 March.

Women's Hockey: England v. Wales, Portsmouth, 4 March.

Trout fishing starts today.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *La Bohème*, tonight; *Madama Butterfly* (first perf. of season) 3 March; *Fidelio*, 4, 7 March. All 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *On-dine* (first perf. of season), 7.30 p.m. 2 March; *Coppelia*, 2 p.m., 4 March; *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 7.30 p.m., 6 March.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Eugene Onegin*, 2 March; *The Marriage of Figaro*, 3 March; *Ariadne In Navos* (last perfs. of season), 4, 7 March. All 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. Modern music concert by Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, incl. Anthony Milner's Variations For Orchestra (first London perf.), Berg's violin concerto, Francis Burt's *Iambics* and Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements, 8 p.m. tonight; Bach's Mass in B Minor by London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir, 8 p.m., 2 March; Brahms's *Requiem*, by Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, 8 p.m., 3 March; Jazz concerts by Ella Fitzgerald and the Oscar Peterson Trio, 6 & 8.45 p.m., 4 March; Shirley Abicair with her zither, 3 p.m., 5 March; Italian music of the 16th century, by the In Nomine Players, 7.15 p.m., 5 March; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in Stravinsky, Mahler and Brahms, 8 p.m., 6 March; Bach concert by Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, 8 p.m., 7 March; Haydn Quartets by the Tatral Quartet, 5.55 p.m., 8 March. (WAT 3191.)

Royal Albert Hall. Georges Prêtre (first London appearance) conducts the Royal Philharmonic, with Yuri Boukoff (piano), 8 p.m., 2 March; Henry Wood Birthday Concert (in the presence of the Queen Mother), 7.30 p.m., 3 March; David & Igor Oistrakh, with London Philharmonic Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 5 March. (KEN 8212.)

St. Pancras Town Hall. *The Italian Girl In Algiers*, by the Group 8 Opera Company, 8, 9, 10 March.

ART

Toulouse-Lautree, at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, to 15 March. (Robert Wraight writes on page 427.)

The Treasures of Trinity Exhibition, with the Book of Kells, at Burlington House, Piccadilly, to 5 March, in aid of Trinity College, Dublin, Library Extension Fund.

Pierre Carron (paintings), Crane Kalman Gallery, 178. Brompton Road, S.W.3, to 4 March.

Princess Beris Kandaourow's paintings, Portal Gallery, Grafton Street, to 14 March.

EXHIBITIONS

Forgeries & Deceptive Copies, British Museum, to end of summer.

Francis Bacon Exhibition (works by & about him), University of London Library, Senate House, Malet Street, W.C.1, until 31 March.

"Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, 7 March to 3 April.

FESTIVALS

Redcliffe Festival of British Music concerts, Leighton House, Kensington, 7, 14 March.

St. Pancras Arts Festival, St. Pancras Town Hall, to 25 March.

FIRST NIGHTS

Players' Theatre. *The Three Caskets*, tonight.

Aldwych Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon Company. *The Hollow Crown*, 12 March.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 423.

Three. "A triple bill... Mr. Mortimer's *Lunch Hour* promises us a more amusing evening than we actually get... Mr. Simpson has taken few pains to work a pattern into his nonsense... and the menace of Mr. Pinter's matchseller is not strong enough to thicken the atmosphere this side of the foot-

lights." Emlyn Williams, Wendy Craig. (Criterion Theatre, WHI 3216.)

Settled Out Of Court. "... pleasingly fantastic idea... flatness of the middle act is disappointing... the most amusing part is the setting of the informal trial... a genial audience may be entertained." Nigel Patrick, Maxine Audley, Charles Heslop. (Strand Theatre, TEM 2660.)

The World Of Suzie Wong. "... an idyll working itself out to a foregone conclusion... Oriental glamour... spectacular interludes. Miss Tsai Chin is direct, unsentimental and enormously vivacious..." Tsai Chin, Gary Raymond. (Prince of Wales Theatre, WHI 8681.)

Chin-Chin. "... something of a temperance tract brought horrifyingly up to date... an admirable vehicle for finely nuanced acting." Celia Johnson, Anthony Quayle. (Wyndham's Theatre, TEM 3028.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 424.

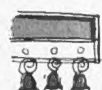
G.R. = General release.

No Love For Johnnie. "... primarily the portrait of a self-centred man who lacks loyalty and the gift of friendship... let's hope he doesn't put you off your votes." Peter Finch, Geoffrey Keen, Roalke Crutchley, Billie Whitelaw, Mary Peach. (Leicester Square Theatre, WHI 5252.)

Flaming Star. "... son of a Kowa squaw and a white father who can't decide whether to be loyal to his Ma's or his Pa's people... I wouldn't call Mr. Presley exactly a flaming star—but he smoulders rather well." Elvis Presley, Dolores Del Rio, John McIntire. G.R.

Offbeat. "... a modest but interesting little drama... a copper detailed by the Yard to ingratiate himself with the underworld is so impressed with the confidence placed in him by the crooks that he actually becomes one of them... Acceptable entertainment—even if it does make potential burglars of us all." William Sylvester, Victor Brooks, Mai Zetterling. G.R.

BRIGGS by Graham



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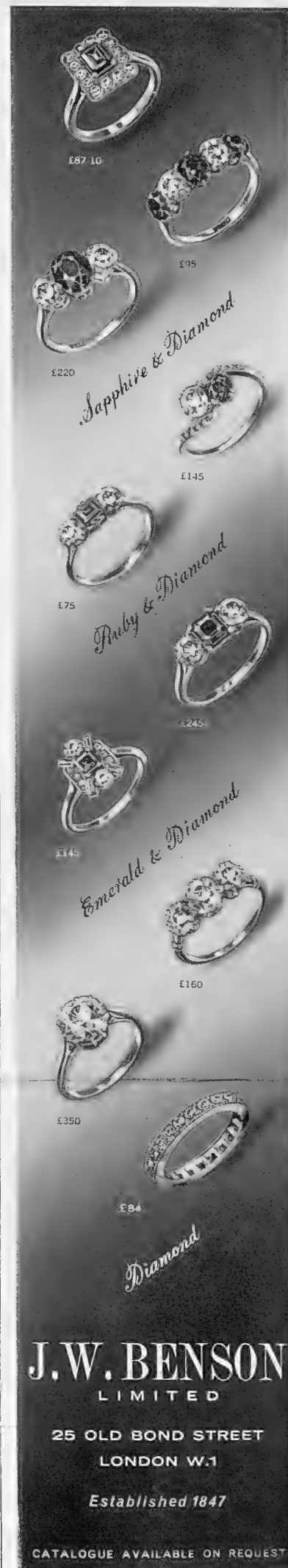
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GOING PLACES LATE

After the deluge

Douglas Sutherland

BEFORE THE RECENT SERIES of prosecutions of strip tease clubs for varying degrees of alleged bawdiness there seemed to be hardly a street in the Soho-Shaftesbury Avenue area that did not boast a series of lurid signs proclaiming variously the "most daring, most provocative" or "most tantalizing" shows in the world. Overnight modest little typists from the provinces were hailed as the new international stars of strip, their earnings being quoted in the airy regions of anything from £50 to £1,000 a week.

Suddenly a veil has been drawn over the strippers. With the report of the first prosecutions the lights go out all over Soho, not one by one but all at once, and thousands of pounds' worth of press publicity is cancelled overnight. Why the panic? After all, according to the law, there is no objection to ladies displaying their charms in the altogether. Indeed, they are allowed to display rather more of them in England than anywhere else in Europe, provided they are in

premises not open to the general public.

Of course the shows must be what is usually described as "artistic" without any hint of the salacious. This ruling condition is the chief reason for the panic now afflicting club owners not only in London but all over the country. For the facts are that during the initial boom the strip business became so highly competitive that a show regarded as daring in the early days soon became, in the eyes of its critical patrons at least, only suitable for a vicarage soirée. Club owners, secure in their imperfect understanding of the law, spent sleepless nights thinking up more and more bizarre entertainments for their *afficionados*. Now it looks as though the honeymoon is over and clubs will have to honour both the spirit and the letter of the law or face closure. This will undoubtedly mean the death of the many hundreds of little clubs that have mushroomed up over the last few months and surely the disappearance of some of them at least can

only be regarded as a desirable thing.

The restriction of strip tease shows, however, is merely one aspect of the whole problem of the proprietary club. They exist all over London and in many provincial cities and the majority perform no useful purpose that I can see. Certainly there is no case for abolishing them altogether but equally it should be possible to set up a more rigid control than already exists. A new lease on life may have been given to some of them by the legalization of fruit machines—surely one of the most curious pieces of legislation introduced in recent years. The law provides that they "shall not be operated for private gain" but their presence in a club is an obvious attraction. And finally, so far as gain is concerned the customer who plays them is unlikely to do more than cover his stake in winnings while the national economy is required to shell out precious dollars in importing them from the American manufacturers.

Cabaret calendar

Savoy (TEM 4343) *Charlie Cairoli & Company, and Paul King.*

Talk of the Town (REG 5051) *Max Bygraves until 25 March. Lena Horne opens 27 March.*

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Alma Cogan.*

Blue Angel (MAY 1443) *Noel Harrison.*

Colony (MAY 1567) *Ron Moodie—Fagin from the musical Oliver!*

Embassy (HYD 5275) *La Bommie, American dancer and company.*



KNOW YOUR BARMAN—7. Hatchett's: *George Green has been here for 14 years, for the last seven as head of the Long Bar. He comes from Manchester, where his father was a publican, and has invented a special cocktail that combines gin, Cointreau, a dash of fresh orange and a dash of Lillet*

GOING PLACES TO EAT

After the theatre

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Thirty One Room, 31 Dover Street. (MAY 5134.) C.S. A pleasant and unusual small restaurant with the added virtue that it stays open to 12.30 p.m. for late suppers and is fully licensed. The cooking, French and English, is good, and the service attentive. The panelled dining-room with a gallery above is attractive, and I liked the display of fresh fruit and salads. Allow about 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. for your main course. I thought the lager at 3s. a glass was on the dear side. W.B.

Medici Restaurant, 7 George Street, Baker Street. (WEL 9370.) C.S. Lottie of Kyrenia—Mrs. N. E. Huber—who runs this small and admirable restaurant with her husband tells me that the exotic and original dishes she is adding to her menu are proving popular. Also that more old friends who knew her restaurant in Cyprus are finding their way to George Street. Lottie's cooking is Eastern Mediterranean, and I find it excellent. W.B. luncheon.

Knightsbridge Grille, 171 Knightsbridge. (KEN 0824.) C.S. This is the type of restaurant that delights the hearts of middle-aged, discerning Parisians. It is comfortable, provides excellent cooking (including Italian dishes), has a wine list of distinction, and is an oasis of quiet in a brash, noisy world. The service is impeccable. If there was a Michelin guide for Britain I am sure it would describe the Knightsbridge as "très comfortable." Dinner without wine will cost you 25s. upwards. W.B.

The Canberra, 7 Beauchamp Place. (KEN 4109.) Open every day, except Mondays, 6.30-11 p.m. Probably the only restaurant in the world specializing in high-quality Australian country cooking, which is as distinctive as steak & kidney pudding is English. Miss Starr Liddell is an artist in the kitchen, and the Canberra is her medium of expression. I commend Adelaide asparagus or minted pineapple first, then a Sydney steak, with a Benerembaia salad, and a splendid sweet named after Pavlova. Wines sent out for, or bring your own. W.B.

Leoni's Quo Vadis, 26 Dean Street, W.1. (GER 9585.) Open on Sundays for dinner only. Peppino Leoni, who opened this restaurant in 1926, is still his own head waiter, with his son Raffaello on his staff. He is also his own *chef de cuisine*. Few restaurants in Soho have more special dishes, and Leoni will gladly give you the recipes to try out at home. Prices are reasonable. W.B.

Wolfe's, 11 Abingdon Road (100 yds. off Kensington High Street). (WES 6868.) C.S. London is unique in having small, comfortable and quite elegant restaurants which, unlike those in Paris, are not fantastically expensive. This is one of them, for a well-cooked, well-served meal, without wine, should not cost more than 20s. per head. Only the cheeses are on the dear side. They send out for wine. Coffee well above the average. W.B.

Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly. (REG 8040.) Closed Saturdays after 1 p.m., Sundays and in the evenings. One of the comparatively few restaurants designed to meet the needs of women, though many men have also discovered its attractions. There is a full menu of well-established favourites, and an admirable selection of cold dishes.

Ding-How, Thurloe Street, South Kensington station block. (KEN 1835.) You can choose from a menu with more than 100 items, or eat a set dinner at a reasonable

price. Half-portions of the *à la carte* dishes are served and are adequate except for the very hungry. Unlike many Chinese restaurants, it is licensed. The green tea is excellent. W.B.

Out of town

Royal Station Hotel, Hull. As railway hotels and their food come in for a good deal of abuse, a word of praise for this one. The redecorated dining-room is spacious and pleasant; the cooking is definitely good. In a four-course dinner costing 15s. 6d. the *Pâté de Alsace* and the *Brochette de Volaille* were excellent. The wine list is good, especially the Bordeaux section. We particularly enjoyed the 1955 Lebègue Leoville-Barton. The hotel is well-furnished and comfortable.

Wine note

Mr. L. B. Eseritt's book, *The Small Cellar* (Herbert Jenkins, 21s.), recently came to my notice. Its cost is less than one bottle of a non-vintage champagne, and represents a useful investment for anyone starting a cellar or wanting to improve their knowledge of wine. It is well illustrated, and quite apart from learning more about where wines, beer, and cyder come from and how they are made, the chapters on establishing a cellar and serving wine should be most useful to the young host and hostess.

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SULTANAHMET CAMII

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Istanbul Quest

Doone Beal

ISTANBUL is not a city in which one needs to search for the off-beat. The colour and flavour which in so many other cities have been newly architected out of existence are still there in abundance. But it is not an elegant city at all: it has no centres of international chic, no Via Veneto, no Harry's Bar, no dressshops and boutiques. Instead it sprawls, beautiful and unkempt, its wedding-cake mosques spiked by the candles of their minarets (500 of them in Istanbul alone), on either side the waters of the Golden Horn that flow into the Bosphorus, spanned by the Ataturk and Galata Bridges.

From whichever side of the water, the view to the other is something one cannot stop looking at. For this particular pleasure I commend two restaurants: Pandelli, in the Spice Market, and Liman, on the Beyoglu side. Both of them have, apart from excellent food and wines, top floor windows over the Galata Bridge with its perpetual bustle of humanity; and they are in sight of the steamers, whooping with their sirens, that ply up and down the Bosphorus from the quayside. At Pandelli, the smaller of the two, it is wise to go very early or else reserve a table by the window. Both are open only for lunch.

I said no shops; but the Covered Bazaar more than makes up for lack of the conventional kind. Dating back to the 16th century,

it extends for heaven knows how many acres of stone-flagged labyrinth, encompassing some two thousand shops in all. They sell everything from plastic overshoes and home perms to some quite lovely jewellery, antiques, ikons, brass, alabaster and rugs. The jewellers especially are some of the shrewdest dealers in the world, and one is exceedingly unlikely to come out on top of the bargain. Just the same, they sell things one does not see elsewhere: I mean, for example, some contemporary copies of old *cabochon* turban rings, set in gold with enamel and semi-precious stones, costing around £25. Davud, one of the most reliable dealers, has a good collection of these and will make to order if given time. Aseo, an equally famous jeweller just across the way from him, has perhaps the more spectacular selection of antique jewellery.

The old Spice Market is equally fascinating, full of cheeses wrapped in goat skin, and myriad roots and powders and herbs. It gives some clue to the subtlety and expertise of the best Turkish cooking, and here, too, one could shop with profit. Another enchanting market, this time on the Beyoglu side, is the flower and fish market. It is a honeycomb of arcades, fragrant with carnations, narcissi and violets, punctuated by stalls full of smoked fish, goldfish, almost enamelled-looking baby red mullet and fat pink prawns. It contains also some

half-dozen marble-topped bars for coffee and *raki* and magnificent fish. Ladies, who *must* be escorted, are only allowed in at lunchtime, and even then I caused a dropped jaw or two from passers-by outside the windows. But for this, quite one of the most picturesque and interesting parts of the city, I'd brave it.

Still on the subject of food, places at which to dine in Istanbul itself include Ekrem Yegen, on the main boulevard, which is owned and run by Ataturk's ex-chef. Try his stuffed *burecek* (a cross between *pasta* and *millefeuille*, with chicken.) Fatcho's is good, too, and also Abdulla, which is perhaps the most famous and chic. But one of the great delights is to take a steamer from Galata up the Bosphorus, past the decaying but still majestic Sultan's summer palace and the elegant gingerbread summer villas, faced by Leander's Tower and the Asian shore, to one of the fish restaurants. Get off the boat at Büyükdere, where there are several, or a little farther on, at Sariyer, where the Canli Balik ("living fish") has charm. That trip is equally appealing at noon or in the evening, and one can also short-cut the two-hour steamer trip by road along the shore.

I had not expected, and was therefore pleasantly surprised by, Istanbul's night clubs. Club X has a good belly-dancing cabaret and band; and the Cati Site (Roof Club) atop the Cinema Building, has a glorious view as well as a most pleasant three piece band and pianist, plus Turkey's answer to Harry Belafonte, who gives a most creditable imitation of the master.

The obvious sightseer's lure is Santa Sophia, and I will stick my neck out far enough to say it

Istanbul's Blue Mosque with Santa Sophia in the distance

disappointed me. I much preferred the Suleiman Mosque with its huge, airy dome, and the Blue Mosque, both of which, unlike Santa Sophia, were built as mosques. But quite the most lovely thing I saw in Istanbul was St. Saviour-in-Khora. An old Byzantine church, it must have been completed only just before the Ottomans arrived to whitewash its mosaics out of sight. Very fortunately, as it now happens. Thus preserved for four hundred years, they are now uncovered in all their glory, and the frescoes are being restored. It is now a museum, but as with many other museums, mosques and churches, you must check on the opening days and times.

Climatically, I made a mistake about Istanbul, imagining it to be a possible winter sunshine haunt. On the contrary, its pleasures are very much those of summer, and even in August the breezes from the Black Sea and the Bosphorus keep it pleasantly cool—degrees more so than, say, Athens or Beirut. As for Izmir and Antalya, of which I wrote last week, they, too, are basically summer places, but the season runs right up through November.

A final note on Istanbul's hotels: They range from the luxurious oasis of the £6 a night Hilton, through the Divan (also new) to the Park and the plushy, old-fashioned but highly atmospheric Pera Palace which costs about £2 a night with private bath. The system in Turkey is to quote a flat fee for the room, with 20 per cent addition for double occupancy.



Talking
of fashion
brings
you to



Lanvin Castillo at

We chose this in Paris with Ascot in mind: a Castillo inspired dress and coat in the palest of fondant pink silk and organza by Peullault and Bianchini, copied exactly by Debenhams and available in London towards the end of March.

Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenhams at the Chateau Pontchartrain, by kind permission of Madame Lagasse, whose lovely home this is.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY WIGMORE STREET LONDON W1. LANGHAM 4444





For some fresh slants on a venerable event, Robin Douglas-Home (who keeps a Labrador and a Shetland collie) and Bernard Workman, who is chairman of the Canine Defence League (but speaks here as an individual), were asked to comment on this year's Ascot of the dog world . . .

During the Gordon setters' turn for judging, Mrs. D. E. Rowe with Braw Lad of Calbrie. Bernard Workman's comment: "The owner holds the head in a given position and judges see whether one part of the anatomy is correct compared with another. But this is a gun dog. I would like to see it in action before judging"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN VINES

Two dog-lovers look at Cruft's



Last minute touching-up by Mr. W. A. Topham for his Bedlington terrier. Workman: "It is obvious that some dogs are judged not on how they appear naturally, but on how nice they look for the show"



Poodles await their turn in the show ring. Workman: "I do not like to see poodles caged; they were originally gun-dogs. I understand that breeding them for lap-dogs has caused ear troubles"

Left: Boy and best friends (corgis). Workman: "Are such short chains necessary, I wonder? I know some dogs are left for hours. Surely an alternative arrangement could be managed"

Opposite: Mrs. A. Williams's Silbury Soames, best gun-dog in the show and reserve champion. Workman: "This is how I like to see a dog—in a free state"

Below: Mrs. B. Toms with her Pekingese, the best toy in the show. Workman: "This was once a sporting dog, too. Still, both the lady and the dog are quite charming"

Two dog-lovers look at Cruft's CONTINUED

Am I a dog-lover? Well, I thought I was. My family always had dogs around. I've owned one myself on and off for 16 years, and I've got two at the moment. I've fed my dogs, trained them, exercised them. And when I've gone to them for consolation in moments of disgust with the human race I've always had the feeling they were pretty keen on me. One of my dogs paid me the extreme compliment of dying of a broken heart the week after I was posted overseas.

But somehow I had never got around to visiting Cruft's before. And now that I have been there for the first time, I'm not so sure. Milk powder, Poodle Noodles, deodorant tablets, tartan coats and harnesses with the pet's name on—if all this is what is involved in real dog-loving then I just don't qualify. There, under the black dome of Olympia, I saw things I would never have believed . . . muscular matriarchs in ferocious hats—the sort you see at Tory Party Rallies and behind stalls at Oxfordshire jumble sales—plonked in the most uncomfortable hard-backed chairs the human dorsals can ever have contacted . . . people in the middle of a ring doing to their dogs what one supposes Mr. Teasy-Weasy does to his clientele . . . combs, clippers and brushes in never-satisfied motion . . . buckets of sawdust ready to hand, and a perfume I would not wish to recapture hanging overall. . . .

True, there were plenty of words of love and encouragement being poured into bouffoned canine earholes, but I doubt if this would persuade any self-respecting competitor to go on regarding himself as man's best friend. I clearly caught the

CONTINUED OVERLEAF





Two
dog-lovers
look
at Cruft's
CONCLUDED

message in one Afghan hound's eye as he submitted to the treatment. "Twilight of the British Empire?" he said. "Now I understand what they mean back home." I thought he probably had the clue to the whole thing—this obsession of so many of the British for their dogs. Not much more than a century ago we were renowned for our cruelty to animals—our Sunday afternoons were enlivened by bear-baiting, a "sport" at which dogs took a terrible pasting. Now national emotions have turned full circle, and one dog fired into space in a Russian rocket evokes far more abuse and antagonism for Communism than the cold-blooded murder of a Prime Minister or even several thousand Tibetans. Could it be that now—as the Empire turns into Commonwealth and our erstwhile colonies make it all too plain they can't wait to see us back in our own kennel—we subconsciously realize that we have only our dogs left to lord it over? Could it be that we just need somebody to appreciate that the British really are born to be kind, sentimental, altruistic masters?

Anyway it's comforting to think that this misunderstood, much maligned people will always be approved and loved by their dogs. Mind you, I wouldn't count on it if we keep sending too many of them to Cruft's.—Robin Douglas-Home



Best-in-show award is handed over by Col. Sir Richard Glynn, Bt., M.P. (committee vice-chairman). The winner: Riverina Treedale, Miss P. Caughy's & Mrs. D. Scuth's Airedale.

Left: Escaping its 14-year-old master for a moment, And of Greenhaven drinks the washbasin water. Workman: "Well, well, a Borzoi too. Must have had a thirsty day"

Below: Best hounds parade after first day's finals. Bletcherley Rayman of Scheherezade, owned by U.S. Air Force Major H. H. Pedé, was the best hound in show. Workman: "A pity about the Afghan. This is a working type of dog, used in Afghan villages as guards. Now unfortunately it is being bred, like such types as mastiff, bulldog and Bedlington, in a manner which does produce physical faults. It must be the points the judges demand"



Muriel Bowen:

MY ROYAL TOUR POSTSCRIPT

I HAD a hand in providing an unscheduled diversion for the Queen & Prince Philip just before they left the North-West Frontier Province (now known as just the Frontier Province). After an amusing day out with Peshawar Vale Hunt I suggested to **Lieut.-General Yousuf**, High Commissioner in London, that the hounds be taken to the lawn at Government House next morning so that the Queen could see them as she drove off. General Yousuf, an accomplished horseman and no mean shot, immediately took up the idea and the Queen delayed her departure ten minutes to talk to the Master and inspect the horses and hounds.

Part from the black astrakhan hat worn by one of the whippers-in it might have been England in springtime, with the sun shining on the burnished coats of the horses and the large rambling mansion in the background. But nobody was taking chances with this keen pack and the shrubberies were searched beforehand to make sure there were no jackal! As it was, they appeared to mistake the **Nawab of Kalabag's** two-foot turban for a jackal, for the moment he appeared on the steps with the Queen they started to give tongue. He prudently stayed behind, and the Queen walked forward alone to talk to the Master, **Captain Gustasab Mirza**. Her interest in the hunt gave great pleasure and was thought to be a wonderful way to celebrate the hunt's centenary (the Peshawar Vale was founded by Army officers in 1851).

The hunt broke up when the British left, but was restarted almost immediately by **Field Marshal Ayub Khan**, now Pakistan's President. Hounds were transported from England in ships and planes of the Pakistan forces and, as the Army officers who wanted to hunt couldn't afford it, President Ayub ordered that 30 horses be attached to each brigade "so that the Army wouldn't lose the art of riding." These horses are now used for hunting and polo.

From the 6 a.m. meet in semi-darkness, we

crossed a country noted for its deep and wide dykes full of flood water—at one point seven riderless horses were swimming round in one of them. If you fall off with the Peshawar Vale you pay a fine of ten rupees, five more if your horse has to be rescued by somebody else, and another two if you lose your hat! Visitors, though, are treated leniently. I couldn't get anyone to accept my 17 rupees.

It's a pity the pack is now under military orders to move from Peshawar. Offers from England of hounds for a second Army pack would seem the only way to stop this happening.

The Pathans' welcome for the Queen had a robustness unsurpassed on the tour. Along the 120-mile route from Swat to Peshawar they put up more than 500 ceremonial arches and there must have been almost 2,000,000 frontiersmen. (The only women we saw were English nuns with Union Jacks.) But the pity was that few of them saw the Queen. The side windows of the ordinary Cadillac (put at her disposal



The Nawab of Kalabag, in the turban that misled the Peshawar Vale hounds. Right: the Peshawar Vale Master, Capt. Gustasab Mirza (in cap), with Muriel Bowen and one of the hunt followers

by the Pakistan Government) were too small, and the greenish tinge of the anti-glare glass camouflaged her pretty white coat and coffee-coloured straw hat against the pale green upholstery.

The crowds who want to see the Queen on her tours abroad have grown so enormously that when a closed car has to be used a specially designed model ought surely to be available. It could be taken out in advance by the Navy or Air Force. It would be appreciated by the crowds who stand, often for a whole day, for a once-in-a-lifetime thrill of seeing the Queen.

HOME TO WEDDINGS

Writing about this part of the world reminds me of Miss **Virginia Campbell-Johnson**, who at the age of five attended the last of the big British occasions at the famous Durbar Hall in Delhi. Her wedding to Mr. **Alastair Gunning** at Lincoln's Inn Chapel was one of the prettiest

weddings since I got back (*pictures overleaf*). Virginia, one of the first of last year's débutantes to marry, was in India with her parents, Mr. & Mrs. **Alan Campbell-Johnson**, when he was on the staff of Earl Mountbatten, the last Viceroy.

There was a great gathering of friends at the reception in Lincoln's Inn Old Hall. **Countess Jellicoe** was there, so were the **Hon. Mrs. Evetts**, the **Rev. Francis & Mrs. Hall** and Mrs. **Andrew Cruickshank**, who said her husband was busy rehearsing the Ibsen play *Lady from the Sea* with Margaret Leighton. **Lady Hermione Grimston**, one of Virginia's young friends, said she was shortly off to Russia. More young people: Miss **Sally Stucley**, Miss **Sara Callender** and Miss **Sandra Gunning** (the bridegroom's sister), whom Mrs. Campbell-Johnson will bring out next year.

Virginia's parents-in-law, **Col. & Mrs. John Gunning**, are soon off to Nigeria, where he takes up an appointment in May as head of the Nigerian Military College. So the young couple will look after their house in Cheshire for the



next few years (after a honeymoon in Paris and on the Riviera).

Naturally there were lots of politicians at the wedding of **Sir Brandon Rhys Williams, Bt.**, and Miss **Caroline Foster**, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Sir Brandon is a determined young man in politics—last November he contested Ebbw Vale, Nye Bevan's old seat, for the Tories. He met his wife when she was out canvassing. She's the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. **Ludovic Foster**, of Greatham Manor, Pulborough, Sussex.

There to wish them well on their wedding day were: **Lady Prior-Palmer**, Mrs. **Diana Sandys**, and Mr. **John Shipton**, who was with his fiancée, Miss **Kay Cummins**. Mr. **Justice Wilberforce**, who proposed the toast, was going to Buckingham Palace the next day to be knighted by the Queen Mother. Also present were **Air Marshal Sir Charles Elworthy & Lady Elworthy**, who had flown from Aden, where he is Commander-in-Chief, for an investiture on the morning of the wedding.



*Lady Rhys Williams, the
bridegroom's mother*



*Air Marshal Sir Charles Elworthy,
C. in C. Aden, & his wife*



*Mr. & Mrs. Ludovic Foster, parents of the
bride, with their youngest daughter,
Rosalind. Above left: Mrs. Diana Sandys
and her daughter Celia*



*Miss Caroline Foster, daughter of Mr. & Mrs.
L. A. Foster, was married to Sir Brandon Rhys
Williams, Bt., son of the late Sir R. Rhys Williams,
Bt., & of Lady Rhys Williams at Holy Trinity*

February brides



*The Earl & Countess of Halsbury
& their daughter Lady Caroline
Giffard*



*The bride and groom, they
married on St. Valentine's Day
at Holy Trinity, Brompton*



The reception was in the Old Hall of Lincoln's Inn, only a few yards from the Chapel

Miss Virginia Campbell-Johnson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Alan Campbell-Johnson, was married to Mr. Alastair Gunning, elder son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. J. T. H. Gunning, in Lincoln's Inn Chapel

The bride and groom, who will live in Cheshire after a South of France honeymoon



Miss Petronilla and Miss Sara Callender with Miss Jennifer Dunn



Mr. & Mrs. Peter Marriott with Miss Frances Coleridge. Above left: The bride's parents, Mr. & Mrs. Alan Campbell-Johnson



Mr. John Mahon with Miss Melanie Hadden, who shared a deb dance with the bride

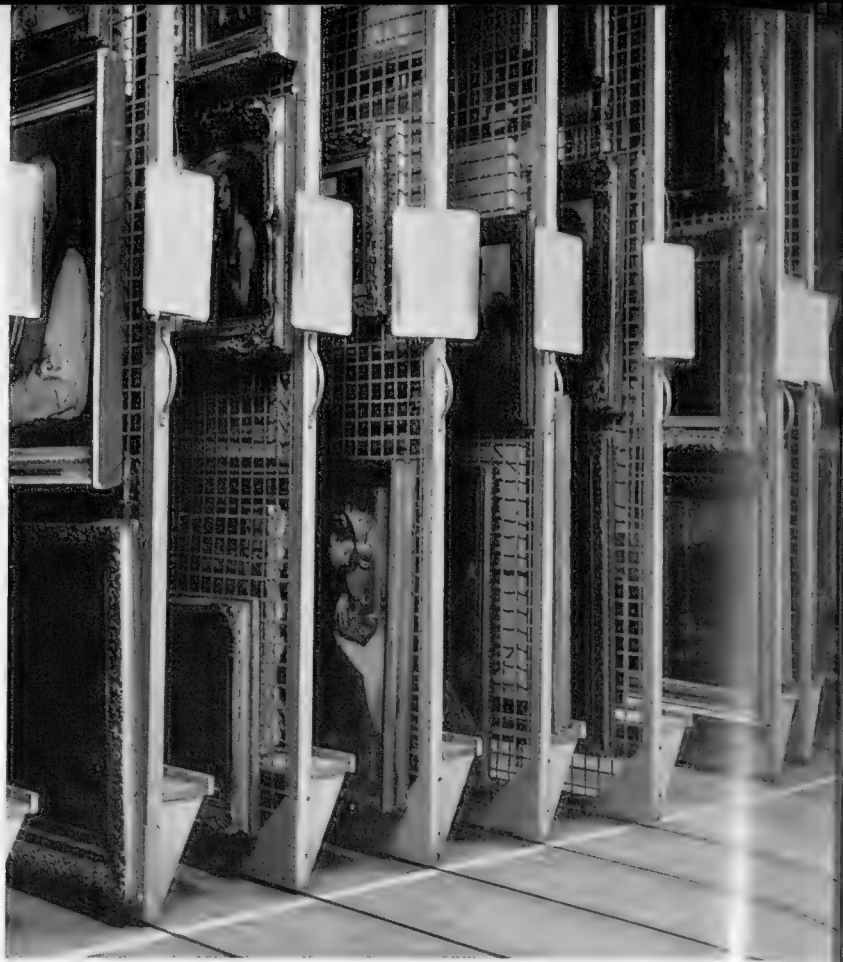
"It's like an iceberg," said the assistant keeper. "There's much more down below than up above." We were in one of the many store-rooms in the basement of the Tate Gallery. In one half of the room rows of sculptures stood on shelves and on the floor, covered with plastic bags that gave a sense of mystery to the dullest busts and a provocative sexiness to the most chaste of Victorian nudes. *Diana Wounded by Mackennal* said the label on a naked lady gracefully clutching her right tibia (Mackennal I took to be the sculptor, not her attacker). *Dionysos by Pomeroy* said another attached to a little man struggling unavailingly to get out of his bag. In the principal picture stores the framed canvases hang on huge smooth-sliding wire screens each carrying a list of the pictures it bears. The artists are listed in alphabetical order, which results in surprising juxtapositions, and any work can be found in a moment.

Everywhere the intermittent whirring of electrical machinery indicates that the "humidifiers" are at work keeping the air just right for the valuable contents.

At the last count there were approximately 2,800 works in this "reserve," while there were 1,075 exhibits on show in the upstairs galleries and 632 on loan.

This large reserve collection causes much misunderstanding and is a sensitive point with the Tate's Director, Sir John Rothenstein.

Professor Sir Albert Richardson, P.P.R.A., once cracked: "The Tate puts its best pictures in the cellars and its best sellers on the walls." And many people believe that the cellars are full of masterpieces that Sir John is wilfully keeping from them because they are not to his taste. Nothing, I found, could be farther from the truth. Certainly there are many things below not to Sir John's taste or, for that matter, anybody else's taste. But when I suggested that these (predominantly) Victorian and Edwardian hangovers should be sold he reacted with something like horror. "We have no authority to sell them," he said. "But



Close-serried sliding racks in the basement store the Tate's surplus

MOTHBALL'D

Sir John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate, with a little-known Turner



Surrealistic juxtaposition of styles results from alphabetical sliding



in any case I disapprove of selling. Even a bad collection becomes a wonderful document in the history of taste." The reserve will inevitably increase until much more space is available for the display of exhibits. For the Gallery is committed to the collection of British paintings of all periods, modern foreign paintings, and modern British and foreign sculpture. And additions are continuously being made to all three categories.

To raise the standard of the collection, one work may be replaced by another from the same artist, the first going to the reserve. Gifts and loans are constantly increasing the numbers of both paintings and sculptures and thereby, because exhibition space is limited, increasing the reserve too. But the policy of the Gallery is to make the utmost use of the reserve collection, and now about 1,000 works are being offered on loan through the Arts Council.

This still leaves a large number of works to be accounted for. Many are pictures displaced from the upstairs galleries by temporary exhibitions. There always seems to be at least one of these running, though not all are as popular as the current Toulouse-Lautrec. But the displaced pictures will be "rehabilitated" when extensions to the Gallery, now being made, are completed. Far more of the outcasts are what Sir John calls "*simply inferior works that we prefer not to show.*" There are huge pictures that would take up show space out of all proportion to their merit. There are sometimes dozens of watercolours by minor artists.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER HILL

AT THE TATE

Love Locked Out, bought in 1890, has remained unseen since 1949



And there are the hundreds of Chantrey Bequest pictures dating from 1877 to 1921. During this period the Tate Gallery had no say whatever in their choice, but was obliged to give them house room after the Royal Academy had selected them.

Of these pictures Sir John says with admirable diplomacy: "Whatever their merits or defects they were obviously out of harmony with the Tate collections, and provincial galleries are unwilling to borrow them." Most were last seen in 1949 when 437 works, bought under the terms of Sir Francis Chantrey's will, were exhibited at the Royal Academy at the instigation of Sir Alfred Munnings, then P.R.A. It was suggested at that time that the pictures should all be returned to the Royal Academy, for which Sir Francis, the most loyal of R.A.s, intended them.

Needless to say nothing was done about it. So, as I saw the other day, pictures like *Love Locked Out* (purchased 1890) languish, pampered but unloved, in the centrally heated, humidified atmosphere of No. 2 Screen Room, Picture Store. But at least they're in good company. Downstairs I saw a painfully elongated figure, the only unveiled one in the room, which needed no label to introduce itself as a Giacometti Thin Man. A half-figure in grey marble, nestling up close to *Remorse by Armstead*, looked suspiciously like an early Henry Moore. A spitting image of Somerset Maugham was an unmistakable Epstein. There they'll wait—hoping, no doubt, that some day someone will give the two days' notice necessary for a visitor to get a permit to see them.

While borrowed Toulouse-Lautrec pictures hang on the walls upstairs, thousands of the Tate's own paintings and pieces of sculpture are stored out of sight in the basement. Robert Wraith paid them a visit

With O.H.M.S. labels and polythene shrouds, statues crowd the morgue



NORTH FOR COURSING



PICTURES: CHRISTOPHER THYNNE

Traditional to Altcar, the ancient hansom cabs along the course—useful both as vantage points and shelter

Most esoteric of race meetings, the Waterloo Cup brought its devotees again to Altcar. This year Dubedoon won



Lord Kenyon, honorary meet secretary, with Mrs. Fitzherbert Jacson & Major Stephen Hammer



Mr. L. Lucas (left), watching his Lord-Luck, with Mrs. Gerald Holman, Lady Turnbull & Mr. Holman



Lord Rank. In his hand, spectacles-cum-fieldglasses



*Sir Eric Ohlson, Bt., & the Marquess of Bath
Mr. Anthony Paterson & the Earl of Ilchester*



*Miss April Drummond,
and Mr. John Leche*



*Mr. Harcourt Wood with the Earl
of Sefton, president of the meeting*





THE MOST DEMANDING LODGER

by Eric Walmsley

but as soon as he grew up and started spraying he developed into Mitchell. It was inevitable. To have stuck to Mickey with all those kittens around the neighbourhood would have been disrespectful.

In our own case we decided in advance that our first cat would be called Pierssené. In the end we fell for a lovely little half-Siamese with blue, ginger and white blotches: and uncompromisingly female. But the arrangement stood. The name's noble music seemed to suit her royal blood—and here, perhaps, we were lucky. At any rate she answered to it. But her successor, of more orthodox ancestry, was given one of the more exotic female forenames; and as a general rule lady-cats, like girls in boarding schools, are better so known.

As for the breed, the important thing here is not what you, the purchasers, happen to want, but what the cat requires of you; and those who are not prepared to undergo a rigorous preliminary self-analysis would be better off with a budgerigar. What, one must ask, will be our future social position? Is grandfather's C.B.E. (for political services) really *enough* for a Smoke Persian? Will our conversation seem sufficiently intellectual for a Siamese? How will an Abyssinian view father's watch-chain? Would a Chinchilla ever really *take to* our second-hand 14-inch television? Would a Silver Tabby *mind* our using Blackwood's and Mrs. Soames-Pendred's opening two clubs on 15 points?

It is no use abandoning the struggle in despair and acquiring an Ordinary. Ordinaries have their standards too. A black cat requires a black rug in front of the fire *and nothing else will do*. A ginger needs contemporary furniture. For a tabby wide window-sills are essential. And so on.

There is also the question of temperament. Burmese, being mad owing to inbreeding, prefer mad owners; and Siamese, since that play, are the likeliest to settle down with theatre people. Blacks prefer solicitors, bank managers and undertakers; and cats with white fronts naturally expect the family to dress for dinner. It is all a matter of congruity; and if, in later years, you and your cat fall out, these are the first points which any competent psychoanalyst is going to pursue.

If a cat does finally consent to set up house with you, much hard work must be anticipated if you are to give satisfaction in your duties. Doors must be opened *instantly* on demand, stomachs tickled when required, adequate heating provided at all times, favourite television programmes (*e.g.*, "Rag, Tag and Bobtail" and good class table tennis) switched on promptly, flower vases filled with *clean* water at a level suitable for drinking, the more attractive and expensive foods properly exposed in a position convenient for sampling, claws released the moment they are caught in chair covers,

carpets or nylon stockings, moods and inhibitions respected (our cat does *not* allow smoking in her presence or music after 10 p.m.) and entertainment laid on. This last can be complicated at times, as with a cat my brother-in-law once had whose favourite game was egg-ball. Whenever she saw an egg on a table or dresser she would roll it around with her front paws like a soccer player until, as the climax, it fell on the floor and broke. She would then mope until someone gave her another. And so it went on. Ping-pong balls and china eggs were tried, but it was no use. Only real eggs would do. In the end they used to buy a dozen or so at a time especially for her and give her one whenever she asked.

This was cat-ownership of the highest class—as is that of a bricklayer round here who feeds his queen exclusively on Dover sole. She won't eat anything else—and those whose prospective cats are already showing signs of settling for truffles, smoked salmon and *noix de veau financière* had better put a deep-freeze on the wedding present list and lay in bulk supplies now because there is nothing they can do about it, at any rate in this world. They will however have, as consolation, the ultimate rewards of all successful cat-owners: pungent, yet kindly, criticism when it is most needed; an unostentatious raising of the household's tone; the privilege of service; and, for the most worthy, the honour of a degree of affection and even more. Moreover for those with literary ambitions there is the prospect of the small fortune in royalties that may be earned at the present time by the author of even the most meagre feline-biography, against which need be set only the disadvantage of unannounced visits from cat-women anxious to see the famous little friend *with their own eyes* and whose persistence has only to be experienced to be disbelieved.

On the matter of sex life, it had better be all or nothing. Continence inevitably creates traumas; and once these set in with your cat, you might as well be dead. And with the season stretching for eight long months and litters being around six, the choice should not be unduly difficult, though I did once know a man who actually *liked* cat-music.

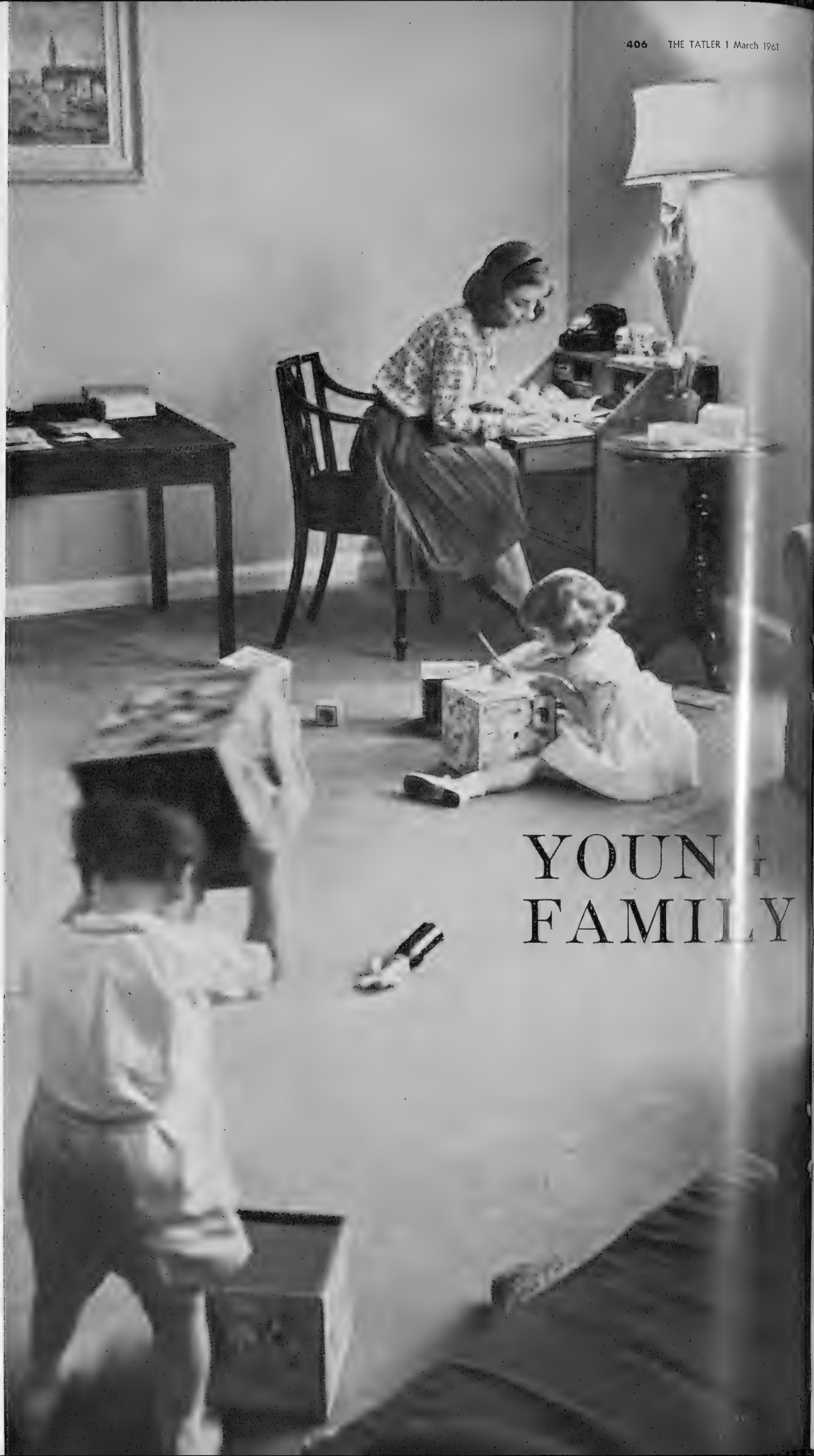
Shaming as these subjects may be, they must be frankly faced; for, whether Auntie approves or not, they are all part of the problem of how one is going to make out in the self-cat relationship—and the same applies to the question of the earth-box. You'll have to have one, or you won't have a cat for very long—not the way some people drive these days. But it would be as well to fill it with whatever the kitten was brought up on. Our poor Pierssené was used to newspaper. We gave her peat moss—and the first time she saw that rather smug Sunday lying on the eiderdown. . . .

I wish I hadn't smacked her now.

NO HOME BEING A HOME WITHOUT a pussy cat, young couples planning to get married soon for income-tax purposes would do well to appreciate what they are letting themselves in for.

Kittens, for one thing, grow up; and if the new little friend is to be named Tiddles or Bookins or Kittywee, someone is going to look pretty silly one day if the former becomes a feline centenarian. I was once introduced to an old blackie called Granfer who was 21. "Was he always called that?" I asked tactlessly. "Well, no," they said. "It was Fluffy actually"—and you should have seen their look of shame and anguish.

Dr. Johnson had more sense. He called his tom Hodge—a good solid name built to last. And surnames suit toms. One of the nicest cats I ever knew was called Mickey as a kitten,



YOUNG FAMILY



PHOTOGRAPHS: BARRY SWAEBE

Rosanna and Andrew are the children of Mr. & Mrs. Robin Sermonth Darling. The Tatler's photographer arrived at their home in Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, soon after breakfast, and kept clicking away till tucking-up time, recording two tots' day



First outing in the morning is to take Rosanna, who is three and a bit, to dancing class. She perches on the armrest (top) for the drive to Knightsbridge. At Miss Vacani's school (left) she gyrates with a young partner under the purposeful coaxing of Miss Betty Hanes. Shopping at Harrods afterwards involves a call at the zoo to see the fantails (above). Then, home

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Andrew, who is not quite two, rides in the pram for an afternoon airing with Nanny (Miss Eynin Robertson). Later a little friend, Simon Moreno, comes to play (right). But all games are interrupted for Daddy's return (below). Mr. Stormonth Darling is a stockbroker and a director of B.M.C.



YOUNG FAMILY

continued

Further instalments of "Young Family," introducing children in their homes, will be appearing in *The Tatler* during the next few months. They will all be photographed by Barry Swaebe





Demonstration of agility by Andrew (above) doesn't succeed in delaying bedtime. But anyway there are always bath games first with Sammy (below). Then the bedtime story when Daddy takes over. Finally, a sleepy goodnight for Mummy



FROM PARIS . . . A WIND OF CHANGE



IT'S A CAREFREE SPRING IN PARIS WITH SWIRLING CHIFFONS, GAUZES, CRÊPES AND LIGHT WOOLLENS USED in profusion for gay clothes of movement that achieve a complete breakaway from the tailored styles of earlier seasons. Out too is the "gamin" look and the cult of the hideous is finally and thankfully discredited. The overall picture is feminine and young but the youthfulness is disciplined by perceptive grooming and the logical simplicity of line that is the Parisian designer's greatest single gift to *haute couture*. Some collections are admittedly derivative; in one, that of **Jean François Crahay** at Nina Ricci, the echo of the twenties is so insistent as to invite a comparison with fancy dress. But many of his gimmicks will certainly be adopted in a watered-down version by wholesale manufacturers—particularly his fire-cracker coats, slim-fitting until they burst into a swirling hemline, his side-swept jackets with diagonal fastenings and three-quarter length clutch coats worn over brief all-round pleated skirts. All these clothes are softly tailored and easy-fitting with absolutely no buttressing. Crêpe is the favourite at Nina Ricci and for colour vivid splashes of coral, tango and vermillion as contrast to the many greys and beiges. Their little dress (*above*) of vermillion floral silk chiffon has the necessary hip-length waistline and barely-to-the-knee swirling skirt. Note also the cardigan jacket, the pull-on bag-cap, both in the same chiffon. **Marc Bohan's** spring collection was a personal triumph that marked the return of inspiration and elegance to the House of Dior. His short evening dress (*opposite*) of caramel silk chiffon was characteristic of the superbly made and essentially flattering Dior clothes. The dress has a just-over-the-knee swirly skirt and the deceptively simple bodice of the moment, sleeveless, bloused over the hip, tied with a chiffon *rouleau* and entirely embroidered with brilliants

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CLARK





The sheath & the spiral

Opposite: No trail-blazer of fashion **Pierre Balmain** still succeeds better than any designer alive in making the average woman look terrific. His collection, too, was caught in the *coup de vent* sweeping the boulevards. The maypole dress invokes the theme of movement with "swirly" ribbons of crêpe—white alternating with tan—flying loosely over a tan crêpe sheath

Right: Some of the most ravishing and romantic ball dresses in Paris are always to be found in a **Balmain** collection. Here he used layers of white net appliquéd with spotted black net for a summer dance. A great swathe of the black net encircles the waist sweeping into a train. The only dash of colour is the palest of pink roses on the bodice, of black spotted net

Below, right: In the old tradition of couture, **Jacques Criffe** designs principally for a large private clientele rather than attempting to provide blueprints for the ready-to-wear industry. But his collection, too, is one of movement. His sympathy with this concept is evidenced by this wind-swept dinner-dress of coral pure silk chiffon, with floating overdress

Below, left: Wrap-around floating panels, encircling spirals of flared flounces, diaphanous billowing fabrics with never a hint of padding or restriction herald the wind of change in **Cardin's** collection. Vivid colours predominate, pinks and violets, mauves and purples, oranges and lemons. Here a gossamer chiffon of vibrant orange and green is used for a dinner dress—a slim sheath with a loose huge-billowing back panel





Diagonal sweep of **Pierre Cardin's** suit jackets was followed consistently through his collection and the theme was repeated in many of his coats. This suit, made of black and white fleeced tweed, is already being copied by many of our wholesalers and will soon be in stores all over the country. Points to note—the high straight neck, the double-seamed edges, the wide chopped-off cuffs



The sweep & the swirl

This coat of fine coral pink wool is **Cardin's** version of the "swirlly-whirly" line. The swing of the skirt is achieved by skillful cutting, the flares placed back and front of the coat giving a circular swing (when in movement). Note again Cardin's buttonless side fastening, his chopped-off sleeves and the back-swept shovel hat, here in the same pink as the coat



Basic Dior line for 1961 is stated in **Marc Bohan's** tailored dress and jacket (*opposite*) of smooth grey flannel. The collarless, sleeveless dress has a long bodice, loosely fitted and bloused over the hips, while the skirt is close fitting over the hips and flared to a knife-pleated skirt reaching to just over the knee. The square boxy jacket is fastened with low double-breasted buttoning and has foreshortened sleeves



For the smart young thing with a healthy bank balance **Guy Laroche** designs clothes that are gay, often dashing, always practical. Short all-round box-pleated skirts, hip-length sleeveless blouses, little cardigan jackets followed through daytime tweeds, summer chiffons, to the short evening dress (*left*) of white crêpe. The top and the pleated skirt are entirely embroidered with silver bugle beads, the cardigan being edged with a deep band of the same scintillating bugles



Silhouettes & a sunburst

Elegance and essential simplicity of **Marc Bohan's** collection at Dior is shown in this summer occasion dress of palest *dragée* pink silk shantung. Like most of today's dresses it is in effect a two-piece, the skirt being mounted on a camisole under the separate hip-length bodice. In all his models he maintains a low hipline waist consistently for both day and evening wear, the natural waist being subtly indicated in the loose but controlled lines of the bodice

Return of crêpe to the forefront of fashion has been one of the talking points of the spring collections. **Pierre Cardin** uses sunray pleating in a completely individual way on this otherwise simple sleeveless, collarless sheath. A rose of the same white crêpe and a white felt version of the shovel hat which was worn with nearly all his models are the only "frills" he allows to his basic silhouette. So far the wholesale trade has fought shy of attempting this model





18/8

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COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD
DIAGRAMS: GORDON DAVIES

MECHANIZED
SERVICE—1

It started with dumb-waiters

1 One of the newer aids to drying to be seen at Heal's is the *Inferation Clothes Drying* cabinet. It can be fixed on a wall or unit and when opened four panels are disclosed which fold flat into the cabinet when not in use. The electric elements in the surface of the panels maintain a constant heat. Suitable for drying or airing clothes, it comes in white only, costs 19 gns.

2 Efficient new ironing board design by *Simplus*. It folds completely flat with all its gadgets folded under it, is automatically locked and can be wheeled away. Extra gadgets include a sleeve board with double ends, so that shirt sleeves can be done in one movement instead of two; a metal rail for supporting large items (comes in useful for hanging clothes on); a tall, supple flex holder and a metal rail support for any kind of iron. The board itself is well shaped, and can be adjusted to ten heights. Tubular steel legs in white, red, blue or yellow. Price: £8 19s. 6d. from Harrods

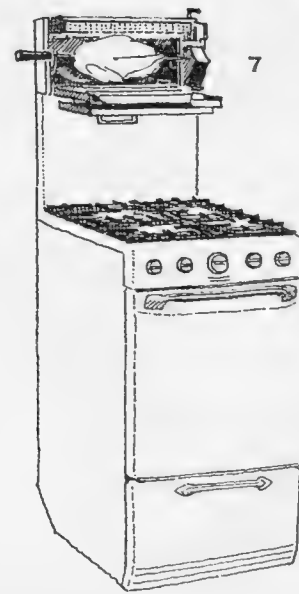
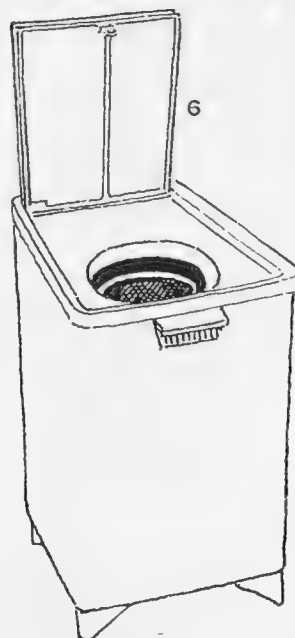
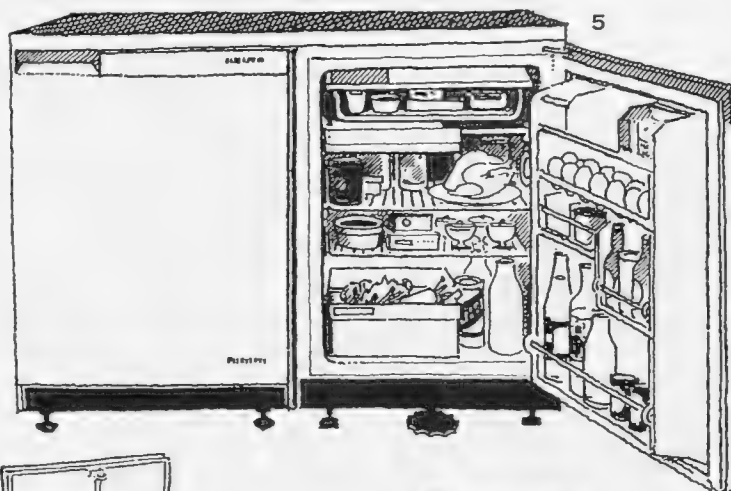
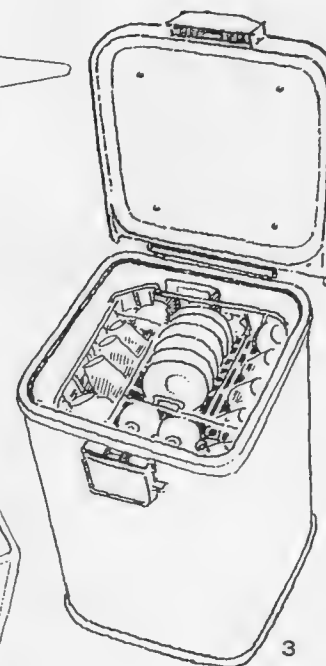
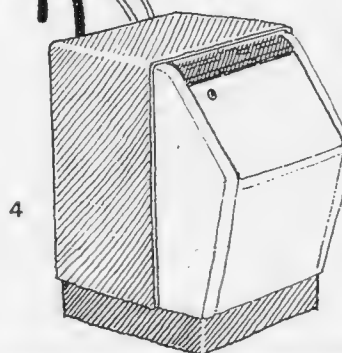
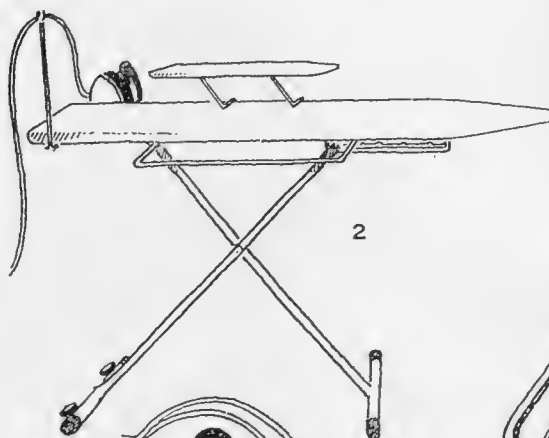
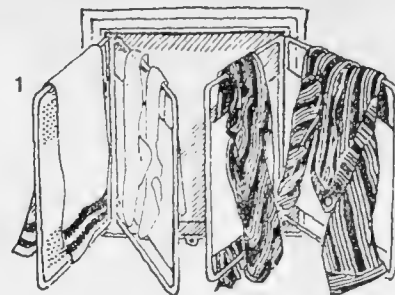
3 Addition to the Dishlex dishwasher range is the sleek *Dishlex Mobile* which operates off normal household water supply and fits under draining boards. Loading is from the top and all trays are covered with plastic. The top tray has a removable centre so that large plates or cutlery can be put in or removed from the lower tray while the top stays put. A booster heater brings water to correct temperature. It automatically washes, double-rinses, power-dries, fills up, heats up and switches itself off. Price: 95 gns. from Peter Jones at the end of March

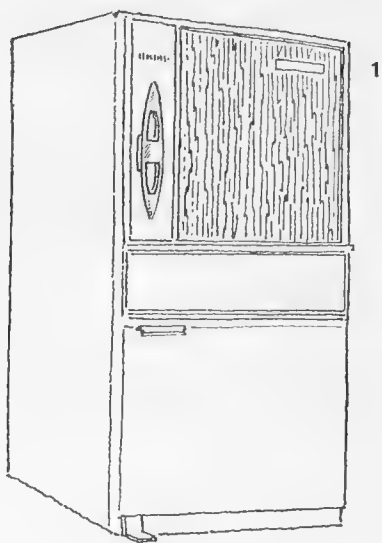
4 Mobile and fully automatic, Hoover's combined washing machine and spin dryer is called the *Keymatic*. Though comparatively small, it takes an 8-lb. load and there are eight different washing programmes including a pre-wash and rinse or just spin-drying (the detachable *Keymatic* dial is adjusted and put in a slot on the machine). Where necessary Hoover's exclusive pulsator is used to give boiling action. Clothes are washed, rinsed three times, spun dry and the machine switches off automatically. No washing programme takes more than 23 minutes. If the fall-down door opens, the machine stops automatically. Price: £120 15s. at Selfridges; Boyds, Cardiff; Arnott Simpsons, Glasgow, from mid-March

5 New concept in space and labour saving from Kenwood, who have designed a refrigerator and deep freezer as separate units. Both fit under the average 36-inch kitchen working unit, or can be placed on top of each other. There are optional working surface table tops, either for one or both together. Refrigerator capacity is 5.2 cubic feet and there is a freezer cabinet. Price: 67 gns. (with table top, 70 gns.). The deep freezer will hold 1 cwt. of food. Capacity is 4.2 cubic feet, price 73 gns. (with table top, 76 gns.). Table top for both together: 6 gns.

6 Improved design for the Creda *Debonair de Luxe* spin dryer. It has a new slender look in white with blue finishings. The working improvement on the old Creda is that it rinses clothes, the water is pumped out into the sink or back into the machine and then it spin dries in four minutes. The *Debonair de Luxe* takes 6 lb. (dry weight) of clothing and costs £30 19s. 6d. at Selfridges; Kendal Milne, Manchester; L. Sterne & Co., Glasgow

7 Gas cooker by Cannon with their exclusive *Foldaway Grill* now has a *Rotisserie* or barbecue spit. Called the *Super Chef* cooker (first shown last year) the *Rotisserie* outfit can now be bought on its own for fixing on the wall (26 gns.). Finished with satinized stainless steel and a chrome interior, it has a spit bar, drip tray and grill pan which can be put at three heights. Sets of kebab skewers cost 3 gns. The *Rotisserie* grill, oven and hotplate are lit by automatic ignition. Price: 65 gns. complete with *Rotisserie Foldaway Grill* at the Cannon Showrooms, 202b Kensington High Street, W.8, and large stores and gas showrooms throughout the country



MECHANIZED
SERVICE—2

2



The economics of doing without a maid

by SYLVIA LAMOND

IT WAS Aneurin Bevan who said something about women employing domestic help because "having somebody to order about increases their social self-esteem. . . ." I remember vividly the day I read those words. My French *au-pair* girl was sick in bed—again. My weekly treasure was in "Dreamland," Margate, where she flew every July to work in the cafés (she picked up her London round as if she'd never been away the last week in every September). The only person I might possibly have ordered about that day—my husband—had hopped it to Manchester. So I sat there writing with the charming old Queen Anne house in which we then lived crouched around me—undusted and unloved. (We've since got rid of *that*.) That morning I'd made the beds, prepared the lunch, whizzed up with a breakfast tray to my frail French girl, stacked the dirty dishes in the sink and locked my indignant son in a playpen on the lawn, where I could see him filing away bitterly at a bar of his cage with his teeth.

Since then the servant problem, as some people still quaintly call it, or "what-to-do-about-our-overworked-women," has grown steadily worse. There were nearly one and a half million people in domestic service before the war. Today the figure is nearer 300,000 and it's still falling. It isn't entirely a question of maid shortage, either. There is also the less-discussed revolt of the "mistress." Who wants to mother a pert youngster from the Continent in exchange for the washing-up and some baby-sitting (and it means mothering a new one every year on average)? Who wants to share her private family life with a living-in stranger (if you want a general domestic without "togetherness" wages alone are £6 and up)? Who wants to make the beds and turn the mattresses in English/Swedish as I have had to do in my time ("Pi-low . . . no, Ilsa . . . no . . . o . . . O")? We all go our own way to hell but that's not mine. So I've finished with unskilled foreign girls who

come to learn the language and potter about. I am much more interested now in the great art of doing without a maid altogether. Certain labour-saving methods are well known. For instance fitted carpets *everywhere*, including the bathroom if the budget will stand it (one parquet floor or one staircase with bare side-treads means more work than guiding a vacuum-cleaner through a whole house).

The living-rooms of a modern home are pretty well under control. Where the real drudgery starts is in the kitchen. Here the wife becomes cook-dishwasher-char-laundress. She may also be boiler-stoker and garbage-sorter according to the style of her house and husband. She may and usually does accumulate some labour-saving equipment but somehow there always seems to be enough labour left to take the edge off any gracious-hostess pose. The whole thing remains a long way short of automation, and I have never been able to work out where we go wrong.

I have just had the explanation from Mr. Alan Gore, an architect who makes kitchen-planning his speciality. Our mistake is that we try to do our mechanizing *on the cheap*. We let husbands get away with budgeting for, say, a Citroën (£1,695) or a Jaguar Mk 2 (£1,534) but it never occurs to us to put in for spending that kind of money on the kitchen. Look at it like this: the minimal kind of washing-up, dusting-round girl costs you £300 a year, what with her eating, and the lights she leaves on and the wear and tear in her room. Five years of that and what have you got? Nothing at all. But lay out £1,500, amortizing it over five years, and you can have a kitchen so mechanized and so modern that it's better than any maid. You may even have money over.

Mr. Gore showed me a kitchen which cost almost that, from when he started ripping down ceiling-high shelves to the last coat of paint. A complete workshop for the maidless mistress, his kitchen is entirely built-in, with unbroken counter surfaces and pull-out, drawer-type cupboards running flush to the floors. These deep drawers, running as smoothly as an office filing cabinet, are fitted for all kinds of storage—one for china, one for cutlery, one for vegetables with an under-tray to catch dirt.

Here is how the money went. The first £500 was spent on planning the working areas of the kitchen in relation to each other—without which the woman may walk two miles in this small room every day—and the drawer units and general joinery work. Mr. Gore stressed that this outlay is essential, because all the labour-saving machines on their own do not add up to automation. "Composition of the kitchen is just as important as the equipment," he said. "Reckon up to half the modernizing outlay for planning and joinery if you are going to cut down labour to the bare minimum."



3

1 Refrigerator-deepfreeze for storage space that cuts down shopping trips. By Westinghouse, £420 in white only, exclusive to Harrods

2 Kitchen plan provides separate sides for washing-up & working. Note Westinghouse wall ovens, cobalt blue linoleum floor

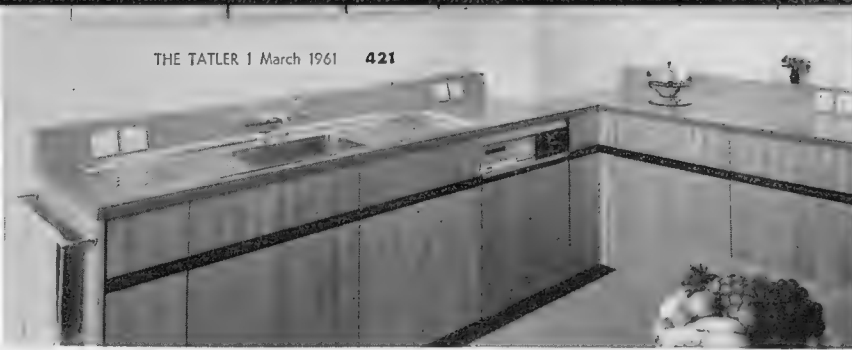
3 Cooking area comprises Moffat gas hotplate set into mosaic surface. Extra two-element electric hotplate by Westinghouse. Note copper extractor hood

4 Washing up units covered by tan Formica have set-in pilot control switches. Slide-out Westinghouse *Dishmaster* stands by stainless steel sink

5 Ready-to-hand kitchen knives are held in slots cut into beech board working surface sink surround

6 Built-in *Power Maid* mixer by Cannon Nutone comprises stainless steel turntable, mixing bowl, beater for £26 11s. 7d. All other attachments extra

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRISCILLA CONRAN



4



5



6

other precept: when it comes to buying equipment buy the best. Rather than fiddle with a machine that does half the job, slog on until you can afford the one that does the whole thing. The actual equipment will vary with the family's needs, but these were Mr. Gore's priorities for the perfect small-household kitchen.

COOKER: the newest two-part job (£40) with the oven set into a wall, the burners set into a table or counter top of vitreous mosaic—delicious sea-green mosaic in this case. The burners at a low height of 2 ft. 8 ins. lessen the effort of lifting pots and pans. The heat-resistant table surround gives plenty of space to put them down—there is rarely enough on the ordinary cooker. Similarly the wall oven is at a more logical height and cuts out stooping completely. (Bending, stretching up and lifting pots, say the time-and-motion experts, are the movements that make a housewife's work in the kitchen as heavy as a labourer's.)

A further cooking labour-saver is a small sink set into the mosaic top for near-the-stove jobs like vegetable peeling and draining. This avoids the confusion of jobs at the main sink.

DISHWASHER: rated more important than a washing machine, believe it or not. But it has to be the *best* of its kind. The reason dishwashers are underrated in this country is that they so often take up a vast amount of room and so rarely do a complete dish-wash. The model in our perfect kitchen is American and slides out on steel runners from under the draining space next to the sink (£180).

WASHING MACHINE AND SPIN-DRYER: set into wall, side by side. Open one door, clothes out; open the next door, clothes in. The advantage of the wall laundry is obvious. It again cuts out pieces of bulky equipment set in a row with gaps between to collect dirt, and tops that cannot be used as working surfaces because that is where most manufacturers put the lid for loading or for the detergent (in all £240).

REFRIGERATOR: luxury, automatic-defrosting model, and large enough to take a week's supplies, thereby cutting down shopping. A wall-type model again (from £170 up).

WASTE DISPOSER: noisy, but it grinds up everything except tin cans and carries it all away down the waste pipe—an absolute essential even if the bins are only at the back door. Probably the most disgusting job in a kitchen is the regular cleaning of pedal bins when they've held damp refuse (£50).

MIXER: the ready-for-use, built-in type sunk into the smooth working counter which runs the entire length of this kitchen (£35).

In the original planning of this kitchen there's an item called the Control Panel which should have been thought of years ago. It is a beech panel, also running the full length of sink, draining board and counter, and set out from the wall, to box in all the tiresome pieces of small equipment that normally have to be lifted down from shelves or dug out of cupboards and frequently cleaned. You see nothing but a row of switches and dials on the panel. Behind it are the works. You fiddle the controls like a pilot and up pops the toast, seemingly straight out of the beechwood box... the cooking timer, just a small dial beside the bigger face of the clock, goes—*ping*... the radio plays... the scales, totally hidden except for the weighing pan, record on another dial.

Anything and everything of the mass of small equipment we use can be built into this control box. Architect Gore has a particular weakness for his patent detergent-dispenser. It is a 35s. car window washer adapted to squirt just the right amount of liquid detergent into the sink at the press of a button. The great advantage of the panel in converting an old kitchen is that plumbing and wiring can often be concealed inside it too. The panel front can easily be made to lift off for repairs to equipment. (Items here will bring the outlay to around £1,500).

Such things as wall-type ovens, washing machines and control panels sound extravagant, but the difference they make to the ease of working is astonishing. Cleaning down is virtually reduced to swishing a damp cloth over three or four smooth surfaces, with not a solitary leg, ledge or crevice to manoeuvre around.

Any woman can have the lot—and forget her servant problems—for the price of a good car. But if there's more to spend, well I looked at a £7,000 version which an American millionaire has ordered for his Chelsea house. It has an Italian marble floor (at £4 a tile) with under-heating; it has a chopping board of beech tailored to fit around the vegetable sink; it has 50 drawers and cupboards, cunningly lit. It has everything—including a special little mixer to make Daiquiris. And though his house is on four floors the American plans only one in staff. That's what I call solving the servant problem.



Miss Honor Durose with Mr. Bill Richardson



Miss Henrietta Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, extreme right, with some of her guests in the 15th-century barn at her parents' home, Hill Top Farm, Dronfield



Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, the hosts



Miss Maria Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes



Mr. Henry Stephenson and Miss Cordelia Crawshaw. Above left: Miss Ruth & Mr. Peter Sutherland. The men are High Peak Harriers joint-masters



Miss Carolyn Board and Mr. Gilbert Hinckley



Left: Miss Gabrielle Wright

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

The night was cold but the floor was hot—thanks to a special electrical underlay fitted in the 15th-century Derbyshire barn where Miss Henrietta Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes had . . .

THE FIRST OF THE 1961 COMING-OUT

VERDICTS

The play

John Gabriel Borkman. Mermaid Theatre. (Bernard Miles, Josephine Wilson, Freda Jackson, James Bolam, Pamela Ann Davy.)

The films

La Cucaracha. Director Ismael Rodriguez. (Maria Felix, Dolores Del Rio, Emilio Fernandez, Antonio Aguilar, Pedro Armendariz.)

The Colour Of Love. Director Claude Bertrand-Aubert. (Gordon Heath, Françoise Giret, Aram Stephan.)

The Long & The Short & The Tall. Director Leslie Norman. (Laurence Harvey, Richard Todd, Richard Harris, John Meillon.)

The books

There Must Be A Pony, by Jim Kirkwood. (Cape, 16s.)

The Little Perisher, by Dighton Morel. (Secker & Warburg, 11s. 6d.)

A Punch History Of Manners & Modes, by Alison Adburgham. (Hutchinson, 63s.)

A Strange Solitude, by Philippe Sollers. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 15s.)

Night's Black Agent, by John Bingham. (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.)

Pnin, by Vladimir Nabokov (2s. 6d.); **Further Fables For Our Time,** by James Thurber (2s. 6d.); **Cards of Identity,** by Nigel Dennis (3s. 6d.). Penguin Books.

The records

Everybody digs Bill Evans

Red In Bluesville, by Red Garland.

On Green Dolphin Street, by Miles Davis.

At Town Hall, by Nina Simone

The galleries

Toulouse-Lautrec, Tate Gallery.

Young Contemporaries, R.B.A. Galleries.

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

Bleakness and Borkman

IT IS AN ARTICLE OF FAITH WITH THE delightfully sanguine Mr. Bernard Miles that the open stage of his Mermaid Theatre is suitable for every kind of show, from the ultra-realistic play to a boxing match. By using this stage to frame **John Gabriel Borkman**, the most claustrophobic of Ibsen's plays, he puts his belief to the severest possible test. The result entitles him, I think, to a triumphant "I told you so."

The crux of the experiment comes, of course, in the first act. His stage has to create with patent artificiality the grim atmosphere in which a failed superman of finance, a convicted embezzler, remains year after year immured in the same house with the wife he has disgraced and who will not see him or speak to him. Ibsen contrived for the tomb-like drawing-room in which the twin sisters sit exchanging barbed memories of the past an important unseen extension of itself—the long gallery upstairs where can be heard the footsteps of the bankrupt financier whom the world has long forgotten loping to and fro "like a sick wolf" waiting for the daily expected arrival of a deputation to say the bank can no longer get on without him.

The sound of these footsteps is the most memorable theatrical stroke in the play, and that the open stage with a roofless drawing-room and the gallery set back and concealed behind an arras on a higher level keeps it memorable is surely the justification of its use.

But there, I am afraid, the adventurousness of this revival ends. The mark of a classic is constantly to renew its appeal to successive generations. A time must come when even the best of Ibsen's major plays are classics no longer but museum pieces to be presented ritualistically or not at all. That time is a long way off; yet one would hardly think so to judge from the awed solemnity with which Mr. Julius Gellner and the Mermaid company led by Mr. Miles treat

Borkman. The actors speak every line as though it was equal to every other and too sacrosanct ever to be "thrown away" for the sake of conversational emphasis. They seem afraid to vary the tensions of the scenes, so that there comes to be only one tension and that barely sustainable. We cannot help feeling therefore that the fresh eye and the free mind that every classic requires if it is to be genuinely revitalized are sadly absent.

This deadening down is especially injurious to *Borkman* since its three leading characters are to all intents and purpose dead from the start. That is to say, they can no longer modify one another or develop. Each stands alone, a centre of dereliction and despair. The reckless enterprise of the would-be Napoleon of finance has laid waste the lives of the woman he married and her sister whose heart he broke. The son on whom the bitter wife depends to retrieve the family fortunes has not the faintest intention of concerning himself with the bygone career of the ex-felon upstairs. It is this boy's running away with a gay divorced woman that is the catastrophe which lets air and daylight into the family tomb; and its inhabitants crumble to dust.

But the death that has fallen on these people is, so to speak, a living death. It is vibrant with the echoes of the past. The history of their lives has been eventful enough, and it is this eventfulness that has to be conveyed in such a way that we still understand how they have come to despair and near madness.

Miss Freda Jackson as the gall-filled Gunhild seems less in awe of her part than Miss Josephine Wilson as the sister whose warm and generous heart is much too formalized. But the play stands or falls by the playing of the monolithic megalomaniac, and here, also, Mr. Miles wants alike the sonority of voice and also the power to make good Borkman's vision of the metal singing in the mines as the hammer loosens it, for the joy it will have in coming up to the light of day to serve mankind.

He gives an extremely conscientious account of this extraordinary character, but the impression left is of a thin, pedantically precise bankrupt without the pluck to look the world in the face. There is more to Borkman than that. But if the revival is uninspired it is well worth seeing as a closely-studied and clear reading of a fine play.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

The colonel caught a Tartar

THE "X" CERTIFICATES CURRENTLY bristling in the cinema make movie-going wearing and uncomfortable for the sensitive critic: having to see films these days is, for the most part, rather like being forced over a barbed-wire entanglement into territory one had no desire to explore in the first place. Tattered and torn, one sits at the typewriter licking one's wounds and trying to find a good word to say for anyone concerned.

In the case of *La Cucaracha* (mystifyingly subtitled *The Bandit*) this is not too difficult. True, it is yet another film about the Mexican Revolution—as old a cinema standby as the American Civil War—and it lacks the full grim authority of *Viva Villa*: yet it seems to me to have style and a temperament and panache of its own—for which the director, Senor Ismael Rodriguez, must be given credit. Behind the central story of love and death one does glimpse (especially in the opening and closing scenes) the tragedy of the long-drawn revolution—it lasted, I believe, close on 20 years—and the fanatical pride and courage of the rebels.

Handsome Senorita Maria Felix flashes eyes and teeth splendidly as *La Cucaracha* (so called because the female cockroach is reputedly never satisfied with one male). In the days of my virginal and vegetarian youth, I would have regarded this lusty, man-eating camp follower as an enthralling character: I see her now as a distinctly over-romanticized figure—dashing but improbable.

Villa's fabulous Colonel Zeta (Senor Emilio Fernandez), to whose troops she attaches herself, at first spurns *La Cucaracha* but later,

in an offhand, soldierly way, takes her as his mistress. He seems to regret this when he is forced to kill one of her former lovers (the superb Senor Pedro Armendariz) in a duel: one should not kill any man, let alone a fellow-colonel, for such a woman, he broods.

His eye wanders to Senorita Dolores Del Rio—the sad, virtuous widow of a poor schoolmaster whom Zeta had pressed into military service: she is at least worthy of his respect. Or is she? The flaming rivalry that develops between her and *La Cucaracha* leads to such a *bouleversement* that I couldn't say.

The film is worth a visit, anyway. The male cast is magnificently strong, the bold direction can be admired—and the ageless Senorita Del Rio, who first starred in 1926, is there to marvel at.

I know nothing at all of M. Claude Bertrand-Aubert, but on the evidence of *The Colour of Love*—which he wrote, produced and directed—I would judge him to be an earnest young man who desperately wants to say something of importance but is handicapped by the fashionable, inhibiting belief that communication between human beings is quite impossible.

He argues, in a bemused sort of way, the invincibility of true love—I *think*—but fails to make out a convincing case for it since he ultimately dodges an issue which, at the start, he has emphasized as vital. A young Negro (Mr. Gordon Heath) and a French girl (Mlle. Francoise Giret), students in Paris, fall in love. The man is aware that racial prejudice may separate them—the girl, too, has her unspoken anxieties, which is not surprising as it is made abundantly clear that violent prejudice against mixed marriages does exist.

Fears and doubts insidiously worm their way into the relationship—only to be dispelled by the simple statement that it does not matter to lovers if the skin of one is white and of the other black. Possibly not—but it matters so much to other people, as M. Bertrand-Aubert shows, that the blindly blissful ending to the film could only fit a fairytale.

Mr. Heath gives a most intelligent and attractive performance and the film has moments of beauty and pathos—but old-hat symbolism is irritatingly rife: straws drift in the wind, buds open, waves beat on desolate shores, rivers rush to the sea, the bright bird of happiness spreads its wings—and I conclude that the young director must have been viewing a vast number of cinematic museum pieces instead of taking a good straight look at life.

With the best will in the world, I cannot pretend that I liked anything about *The Long and the Short and the Tall*—a war film which I consider ugly, unreal and unnecessary. I do not object to the coarse and bawdy dialogue which (presumably taken from Mr. Willis Hall's play of the same title) rings true enough—but I do object to the general beastliness which reduces practically everyone to the level of a louse.

A patrol of seven men is plunging through the Burmese jungle. Its

leader is a tight-lipped, insecure sergeant (Mr. Richard Todd), its second in command an insolent, malicious corporal (Mr. Richard Harris) and its star turn a grousing, chip-on-the-shoulder barrack-room lawyer (Mr. Laurence Harvey giving a virtuoso performance). A pathetic Japanese prisoner (Mr. Kenji Takaki) is taken and treated with such brutality that one feels sick.

It becomes apparent that there are Japanese troops in the vicinity and Mr. Todd decides it would be expedient to kill the prisoner and quietly clear out. Mr. Harvey defends the prisoner—not, one feels out of humanity so much as out of cussedness. The long argument that ensues is carried out at the tops of angry voices—though the enemy is within a grenade's throw. The patrol is wiped out—and, if you ask me, deserved to be. Despite the title, not one character in the film could be said to have the stature of a man.

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON BOOKS

Peter Pan gets caught in the rye

EVERYBODY KNOWS THE ONE BOOK that—given genius, a typewriter and a couple of square meals a day—one would have written oneself. Salinger wrote it for many of us, and having lifted the weight from so many shoulders seems now—perhaps understandably—to have withdrawn into some puzzling literary limbo of his own and locked the door behind him. His admirers are now beginning to write after-Salinger novels of their own. You can hardly call it imitation—who in their right mind would set out to imitate *The Catcher in the Rye*?—yet the Salinger tone of voice is so personal, and at the same time so easy to borrow in its more obvious

sounds, that any novel that actually begins "If you want to know the truth" wins some sympathy straight off for sheer honest acknowledgement.

There Must Be A Pony, by Jim Kirkwood, does just that, and is dedicated "with love and shingles" into the bargain. If it weren't for the shade of old Holden C. breathing down the teenage narrator's neck, this would be a straightforward sentimental tale of the mixed-up son of a movie-star fighting through his mother's profession, covers, drinking and so on and coming to realize that "about the greatest gift anybody could give you" is to help you "become a person." The book has certain thriller-qualities, the characters are fairly stereotyped—but then so maybe are movie stars and their mixed-up sons—and the star has one particularly awful lover (I think we are surely meant to admire him, since he is the greatest gift-giver) who calls the narrator funny jolly names such as Cosmo, Alphonse and Throckmorton. I found it a painless read except for a few bursts of queasiness occasioned by the infant hero's

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winsome bright-eyed niceness. He's a self-acknowledged Peter Pan, though bravely determined to face the awfully big adventure of growing up, and Peter Pan is a hard act to follow, especially when run in with The Catcher. On the whole I think I prefer my Salinger neat.

Lady Gregory is a distinguished, fascinating and sympathetic biography by Elizabeth Coxhead of the likable and determined woman who was the friend of Yeats and Synge, the great supporter of O'Casey, and one of the founders of the Abbey Theatre. Lady Gregory was a prolific playwright, and it says a lot for Miss Coxhead's powers of persuasion and true feeling for her subject that I, who am dispirited to tears by the Celtic Revival (and flummoxed by lines like "I to bring you travelling, you were the best traveller and the best stepper, and the best that ever faced the western blast, and the waves of it blowing from you the shawl"), followed Lady Gregory with enthusiasm every step of the way, the western blast notwithstanding.

Briefly . . . The Little Perisher, by Dighton Morel, is a murder-fantasy with a whimsy twist about meek retarded Alfred Halfpenny, who only has to mutter "Perish you" (a horrid thing to say even in a burst of passion) for someone obligingly to perish. Oddly clammy, but probably fine if you fancy perishing stories anyway. . . . A Push History Of Manners & Mores, by Alison Adburgham, is a cheerful, sharp-pointed survey of clothes, fashions, parlour games, emancipation, and social attitudes of all kinds from 1841 to 1939, with a touch by a fashion-writer whose wit and freshness delight and astonish as much as if one were to discover Herrick among the pop-lyric writers. . . . Philippe Sollers's A Strange Solitude, translated by Richard Howard, is an intense novel about a 16-year-old French boy and his love-affair with a 30-year-old Spanish governess. The lady has fine eyes that are "neither brown nor green, with a slight purplish cast she seemed to use to good advantage," and I only wish I knew how this were done. The translator, faced with no mean task, seems to me now and again to have abandoned hope, as in sentences like this (the narrator is speaking about why he is writing the book): "I must look for the reasons, find out by what devious ways, what hardly perceptible movements, I have reached this somewhat too perfect domain, where everything that matters to me is still shuddering. What then?"

Well, it's an interesting question. Sollers was 22 when he wrote the book. Mauriac cheered for it and Aragon said it gave him the same happiness as the return of spring. It's just not possible to please everybody. . . .

John Bingham's *Night's Black*

Agent is an entertaining thriller about a beastly blackmailer, and the characters are interesting as well as the clues. . . . And among recent Penguins I have specially enjoyed and admired Nabokov's wild and funny-alarming *Pnin*, Thurber's adorable, haunting and lyrical *Further Fables For Our Time* ("It is wiser to be hendubious than cocksure," and "Nowadays most men lead lives of noisy desperation"). Please, could we have that irresistible fairy-tale *The Thirteen Clocks* in Penguin too, as not enough people know and love my three just-about favourite characters in fiction—Hagga, the Golux, and the terrible Todal? . . . Another enjoyed Penguin: Nigel Dennis's *Cards Of Identity*, a novel I find more merrily alarming and irresistible at each time of re-reading. Were we discussing the genuine breakthrough in contemporary fiction? This marks the exact gap in the hedge.



Lautrec was a camera

HOW GREAT AN ARTIST WAS HENRI Marie Raymond, Vicomte de Toulouse-Lautrec Montfa? Would he hold the place he does today were it not for the prurience rife in our puritanical society and, to a lesser degree, the romanticism about his life engendered by a number of inferior biographies and the film *Moulin Rouge*?

As an aid to answering these questions the Arts Council might issue questionnaires asking visitors to the Lautrec exhibition at the Tate, "Why have you come here?" But, unfortunately, so few people would tell the truth that the results would be worthless. How many, for instance, would admit frankly, "I came to experience through the paintings and drawings the vicarious thrill of living in a brothel as Lautrec did?"

How many of those (and I do not exclude the professional art-lovers—painters, students, collectors, critics) who answered, "I came to admire Lautrec's brilliant drawing, design, psychology & Co.," would be telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but?

How many of us today, in fact, are capable of seeing the true wood of Lautrec's artistic achievement for the seductive trees of his X-certificate life? Only when our society is as completely amoral (or, rather, as completely free of con-

ventional morals) as Lautrec was will we be able to regard a large part of his work with the same calm as that with which we look at most of his contemporaries.

Several of those contemporaries, notably Degas, also went to the brothels in search of subjects, but all of them implied in their paintings some degree of criticism, ranging from pity to disdain. Lautrec, alone, made no moral comment.

His objectivity seems all the more remarkable when we learn from his latest, and best, biographer, Henri Perruchot, how tender were his feelings towards the inmates of the *maisons closes* in the rue d'Amboise and the rue des Moulins, who were his models, his friends and his loves. Only by developing a comparable degree of objectivity can we hope to assess the permanent value of this side of his work.

That I am over-emphasizing "this side of his work" is in itself symptomatic. For, though the *pièce de résistance* at the Tate is the famous brothel scene *Au salon*, the show is in fact short of *filles de joie*, at least of the professional sort.

Though it is the largest exhibition of Lautrec we have ever had here, it contains only the one major masterpiece. But it covers the entire period of his career from the time when, at 14, he was making brilliantly promising sketches of horses, until the year of his death (at 36) when disease and drink had taken their toll of his genius and he produced the, for him, stodgy canvas *An examination at the Faculty of Medicine, Paris*.

Paintings of family, friends and acquaintances, cabaret stars, working girls and professional models make up the bulk of the exhibits. Several of these are unfinished and give the student a valuable insight into his method of working with oil paint, mixed with turpentine or petrol, on cardboard; a method which produced an effect of permanently fresh gouache. It is in these unfinished pictures, too, that we are made most vitally aware of the sureness of his hand and eye and are dazzled by the strength, precision and facility of his draughtsmanship.

Until recently I had always felt that there must be a strong element of caricature in all of these portraits. But, with the publication in the Perruchot biography and in the magazine *L'Oeil* of a number of newly-discovered photographs of his subjects, it is clear that the paintings were, almost without exception, uncannily accurate likenesses.

Evidently the Little Monster, as Yvette Guilbert called him when he drew her with merciless accuracy, could say "I am a camera" long before Christopher Isherwood thought of it. He was a camera recording in line instead of light and

MARCELLE LENDER, *French singer and dancer of the 90s, painted from memory by Toulouse-Lautrec. This picture was seen at the recent Whitney Collection exhibition at the Tate. The illustration is from a Soho Galleries print, price £2.7s.*



shade. The "deep psychological insight" so often attributed to him lay in his ability (developed as a protective armour against a world in which he was a freak) to shut out such irrelevancies as morality and sentiment just as he shut out irrelevancies of line and form.

Ultimately it will be such purely artistic considerations that determine his place in the history of graphic art. But though the attitude of critics and public has changed radically since his London exhibition of 1898, when it was said that his only aim was to shock us by "his insistence on ugliness, vulgarity and eccentricity," that ultimate, cool, calm and collected appraisal is still a long way off.

Fortunately by the time you read this you will be too late to see the Young Contemporaries exhibition. During the past few years this annual show of work by art students from all over the country has been

rushing downhill like a bus full of madmen. This year it reached its nadir (I hope) with a display of puerile exhibitionism that had to be suffered to be believed.

No doubt there was some serious painting there but it was either tucked away in a small back room or so overwhelmed by half-baked imitations of Dubuffet, Bacon, de Kooning, Bomberg etc., that it never stood a chance of being noticed.

Students of the Royal College, always a hotbed for hotheads, had produced a roomful of *collages* and constructions made up of old tin cans, rags and bones and old iron, broken mirrors and a dozen other sorts of rubbish. But it was all pretty old hat.

From a catalogue note we learned that the works shown represented one seventh of the total submitted. And we were grateful for small mercies.

and the Rollins original, *Oleo*, but this is a natural sign from a man who is in his prime, and who wants to dig it the way he sees it. With spade at the ready, I await Riverside's follow-up to this eloquent piano album.

In the pre-Evans days (Bill should not be confused with his arranger-composer namesake, Gil Evans, who has also contributed notably to the Miles Davis saga), Davis had Red Garland as his resident pianist with the quintet. Red's new trio album has the title *Red in Bluesville* (32-116); it includes a fine slow-tempo version of *See see rider*, some less important excursions round *St. Louis blues*, and serves as a constant reminder that a piano-led trio must play very important music to be noteworthy all the time. Before leaving the Miles Davis entourage, I would mention his Sextet's *On Green Dolphin Street* (TFE17320), an EP that contrasts the great trumpeter with the saxophones of Julian Adderley and John Coltrane.

A new name among singers is that of Nina Simone, who also boasts an earthy style in piano playing. She accompanies herself, and indulges in several instrumental solo spots in her first British release, *Nina Simone at Town Hall* (NPL28014). My first impression is that she is a better pianist than singer, but she endows both aspects of her music with a strong folksy feeling that I like enormously. Her vibrato voice carries shades of Billie Holiday, her piano embraces tinges of Garner and Mose Allison. The whole adds up to a performance which has its place in current jazz trends, as much as it proves that the age-old medium of singing to one's own piano accompaniment is not ended. *Summertime* and *Under the lowest* establish my point beyond doubt.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Round table inventory

Albert Adair

CIRCULAR OR POLYGONAL TABLES ON single central pillars with splay feet, drawers in the frieze and a leather top are referred to variously as *Library*, *Drum* or *Rent* tables and it is perhaps as well at this stage to differentiate between them. Library tables were originally—from the second quarter of the 18th century, that is—writing tables for use in the library. This was primarily a male domain, and therefore the tables were of substantial proportions, boldly carved, with a large flat top, and plenty of drawer space for the estate records and accounts. They were, in fact, what is now more commonly called a partner's desk, but desk was an unknown word then and writing was always done at a library table.

During the second half of the 18th century the writing table and the library table became separate pieces of furniture and the term library table was only applied to the circular single pillar leather-topped table with drawers in the frieze as described above. It was for general purpose use in the bay window or in a corner below the library shelves, where books once taken down could be referred to and left. These round tables have since acquired the purely colloquial name of drum tables, a term that has no historical significance. A rent table on the other hand was for collecting

the rent from the tenants and was more likely to be found in the estate office or the bailiff's house. The drawers in the frieze have the letters of the alphabet on them, or sometimes numerals or the days of the week, for filing purposes. In the centre is a large container within the pillar with a lid flush with the table top. Into this the rent was dropped. Such tables are comparatively rare and are quite different from library tables.

The illustration shows a fine library table of the Regency period. It is veneered throughout with rosewood and is covered with its original tooled leather on top; the frieze is bordered by narrow brass mouldings; alternate drawers are dummies to allow for two opposite long drawers and, at right angles to them, two opposite short drawers.

The curved, concave pyramid pedestal is notable; the gilt scrolls and claw feet with anthemion decoration in between are all of carved wood. Inside the plinth are hidden castors so that the table moves easily. One other notable feature of this fine table is the workmanship of the leopard's head handles fitted to the drawers. These are designed to lift up when pulling out the drawers and the keyholes are concealed behind the heavy leopard heads.

RAYMOND FORT



GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

New names of note

IF YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF ONE of the brightest young stars among jazz pianists, Bill Evans, blame me. I have reviewed several records by Miles Davis on which he appears, without giving him even a cursory mention. With the arrival of Riverside's album, *Everybody digs Bill Evans* (RLP12-391), I am forced to acknowledge belatedly the talent and artistry that have brought him the acclaim of his fellow jazzmen and several well-deserved placings in the 1960 jazz polls.

The 31-year-old Bill hails from the Southern States, worked and studied in New Orleans, and has worked with such advanced groups as Mingus's and Davis's in the five years since he came to New York. He admits that Lennie Tristano's style was an influence, but his ability to swing seems to stem more from Bud Powell or Horace Silver unless my ears deceive me.

Fortunately Bill Evans does not let nimble fingers obscure his clear mind—a musician's mind which lapses as easily into the Debussy-esque moods of *Peace piece* as it does into the rhythmic pouncing which turns his version of *Night & day* into something much more vivid than the shady, sultry ballad which we first knew from the pen of Cole Porter. There is an inevitable desire to get out on the Davis limb, as shown by *What is there to say?*



SCENTS ON TRIAL

Paris doesn't change her scents as often as her couture fashion, and it's just as well. For finding the right scent for you can be a long business, with much more to it than sample sniffs at a beauty counter. There you can't try more than three kinds before your nose gives up, and you're likely to be talked into too big a bottle. The best method is to buy the smallest size possible of those you liked and give them a trial. For you have to live with a scent to know its limitations and its power—and the sort of life you lead will determine its success. (Example: Ecusson has no place in the country, but Joy could flourish anywhere.) Here are some pointers to five French favourites.

Unfortunately, not all scent houses will let you try their products at a premium. Five pounds is the cheapest way of buying Patou's Joy, but the scent-image it produces does last well up to four hours, and it's unlikely to earn disfavour. **My verdict:** Joy—an accumulation of more than 130 flower flavours, Joy is worth anyone's trial—just because it is so delicious. Nothing else in the flower line,

I think, quite comes up to it. And the precious ¼-ounce is poured into the green leather case like a lipstick in proportion.

Caron's Fleurs de Rocaille has a florist's-shop climate of many flowers blended with expert precision. **My verdict:** Try it once and you'll probably wear it for life. It's one of the prettiest scents packed for handbag life, in its white leather sac and minaret-topped bottle. Guerlain's fabled No. 90 is a husky, spicy, Oriental scent beloved by the Americans as Shalimar. **My verdict:** One of a handful of legendary fragrances with a terrific reputation: 35s. for around the quarter-ounce mark.

Femme is the sort of flavour every woman wears once in her life. **My verdict:** It's ageless, pretty and so feminine. It costs 29s. 6d. to sample a sixth of an ounce of Marcel Rochas' most luring scent in the asparagus green phial above. Jean D'Albret's Ecusson is a tone for restaurants, theatres and has a warmish, decidedly pretty smell. **My verdict:** Perfect for town and for a handbag in the slender underwater-green phial in the picture: 25s.

GOOD LOOKS
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

PHOTOGRAPH: BARRY WARNER

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MAN'S WORLD

Close-up on binoculars

David Morton

WITH THE POINT-TO-POINT SEASON already well under way and the opening of the Flat just 19 days off, a good binocular again becomes essential outdoor equipment. There is a wide, even bewildering, range to choose from and since all binoculars are complex and expensive optical instruments it will help the novice buyer to know a little more about the terms used to describe them.

Start with the specification. If a binocular is described as being 6×30 , the first figure expresses a magnification of six so that if an object is 600 yards away it will appear to be only 100 yards off. The second figure, 30 in this case, describes the diameter of the objective lens in millimetres—the larger the diameter the greater the light-gathering power and the brighter the image. As the average hand is somewhat unsteady it is inadvisable to buy a binocular with magnification of more than 10 times, unless it is to be tripod supported. A third factor, generally unquoted but highly important, is the size of the exit pupil. This size can be reached by dividing the objective aperture by the magnification. In a 6×30 binocular, for example, the exit pupil would be 5 mm. in diameter. The larger the exit pupil the easier it is to keep it lined up with the eye, an important point in a marine binocular when heavy seas are running.

A well-designed binocular has a minimum of optical components, and high transparency optical glass is used to improve the light transmission. The loss of light at each optical part may approach 10 per cent, but this loss is now minimized by "coating" components with a metallic fluoride, vacuum-deposited in a thin (five millionths of an inch!) film. This bloom can improve performance by 50 per cent, especially in conditions of poor

visibility, at dusk or dawn, when recognition of detail requires high light transmission. Performances can be compared by multiplying the magnification by the objective diameter and taking the square root. In the Barr & Stroud binocular used by the Royal Navy for general purposes the twilight performance is 18.7, being the square root of 7×50 . The higher the figure the better the performance. But remember that the field of view and the brightness decrease as the magnification is increased, so the strongest binocular is not necessary the best, particularly in misty England.

A determinant factor in choice may be the method of focusing. Most binoculars have a central wheel that operates both eyepieces simultaneously—in this case the right eyepiece is separately adjustable to suit the focal difference in the user's eyes. Separate eyepiece adjustment is most suitable for nautical use or in the tropics; this system allows the binocular to be sealed against dust and moisture. For those who wear glasses Zeiss have produced a binocular that gives a wide field of view. It's an 8×30 binocular designed to compensate for the increased distance between the eyes and the exit pupil when glasses are worn. Soft rubber eyecups allow people with normal vision to convert them to their use quickly and simply.

A selection of binoculars suitable for special purposes is tabulated below. All of them are available at Negretti & Zambra Ltd., at 122 Regent Street. Lastly, remember that it is absolutely vital to have two binoculars at any sporting event. All too often one pair is monopolized by the girl you took along who has got the focusing adjusted to watch the hats in the royal enclosure just when you want to watch the start of the big race.

Purpose	Make	Weight	Field of View at 1,000 yards	Price with case
Inexpensive general use	Negretti & Zambra 8×30 "Sportlite"	15 oz.	120 yd.	£13 10s. 0d.
Pocket binocular, wide view	Leitz 6×24 "Amplivid"	10 oz.	212 yd.	£46 10s. 6d.
Short range	Zeiss 6×30	14½ oz.	150 yd.	£52 5s. 5d.
Nautical	Zeiss 7×50	31 oz.	130 yd.	£73 0s. 5d.
For those who wear glasses	Zeiss $8 \times 30B$	17 oz.	110 yd.	£58 17s. 5d.
Bird-watching	Ross 9×35 "Stepruva"	24 oz.	128 yd.	£36 8s. 3d.
Racing	Barr & Stroud CF37 10×50	41 oz.	112 yd.	£55 10s. 6d.
Stalking Big Game	Leitz 15×60	45 oz.	81 yd.	£71 12s. 3d.



The Panhard PL 17 on the ice-bound Col de Rousset in the Rally

MOTORING

The car that won the Monte

Gordon Wilkins

THE PANHARD IS AN EXTRAORDINARY car. And neither the handicap formula, which made it almost impossible for Panhard to lose this year's Monte Carlo Rally, nor the succession of squabbles at the end (provoked by regulations which were both vague and ambiguous) should obscure the car's merit in filling the first three places. Indeed, the most unlucky competitors were undoubtedly Löffler and Walter, who would have won except for the penalty marks imposed for a dented tail caused when another competitor hit them from behind. Because of this they had to be content with second place.

The Panhard had its origins in a fascinating little saloon, with two unusual features, which appeared soon after the war. It had front-wheel drive and a flat twin air-cooled engine. It was rather rough and noisy, but it held the road superbly. It was compact, nimble and cheeky, and thus had many of the qualities which now make people so enthusiastic about the Miniminor.

Then Panhard, France's oldest manufacturer, made a mistake that was almost fatal to them and to the car. They replaced it with a larger and more luxurious machine, using the same engine and front-drive unit, wedded to a body of light alloy to save weight. Technically it was admirable; commercially it was disastrous. It came into a price class where people simply would not put up with a clattering two-

cylinder engine. So, to get the cost down, they had to start making the body in steel, which soon made the car heavier by an extra 300 lb. or so. This in turn by no means improved the roadholding, while the complicated train of reduction gears needed to enable the little engine to pull the extra weight, consumed power, added to the noise, and did nothing to improve reliability. Panhard were forced into an alliance with Citroën and eventually became a subsidiary.

But they did not give up. They went on pushing up the power of their little engine and improving the reliability of the mechanism. They profited from experience gained at Le Mans, where cars with their engine and front-drive unit won the Performance Index handicap with monotonous regularity. They also worked hard to improve sound-proofing and road-holding. The result of all this effort, the PL 17 Tiger, is a remarkable vehicle. Its engine produces 50 horsepower from only 850 c.c., and it will do between 85 and 88 m.p.h. What is more, the body offers comfortable space for four people and room for six at a pinch, with an immense luggage trunk.

The Panhard used to develop violent oversteer in the middle of a fast corner, so one had to go round in a series of swerves, sawing at the steering wheel and juggling with the accelerator. But use of smaller wheels and a lot of work on shock absorbers has cured this.

When starting up, it is still obvious that the engine has only two cylinders but it becomes smoother as the revs rise. The car is surprisingly high-g geared. Third speed is direct and gives a maximum of about 75, which is useful for overtaking; top is geared up like an overdrive and now has synchromesh for the first time. Maximum power is produced at no fewer than 6,300 revs a minute, so a sporting style of driving is required, with fairly frequent gear-changing. For those who prefer a more tranquil existence, the normal PL 17, developing 42 horsepower, is more likely to please.

Steering is quick and high-g geared; light when on the move but not so light when parking. The steering wheel is on the end of a big fairing which groups together all the instruments and switches but brings the wheel rather nearer to the driver than is usual nowadays.

On the fairing are finger-tip controls for parking lamps, wipers, key starter, battery master switch, and heater. For 1961, instrument panel and control unit are made in dark plastic to avoid the distracting reflections in the screen produced by the previous light colours. The front doors are hinged on their forward edges for the first time and seat cushions are in foam rubber.

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DINING IN

Eggs as mainliners

Helen Burke

EGGS ARE PROBABLY NOT ONLY THE least costly of all foods but also the most accommodating, and just now they should be so inexpensive that not even the most frugal of us will consider it an extravagance to use up to a dozen of them for a main dish.

Boiled eggs (soft and hard), eggs *mollet* (soft yolks and firm whites), fried, poached and scrambled eggs are pretty well understood in this country. So are *oeufs sur le plat* and *oeufs en cocotte*, but their variations might bewilder us.

OEUF A LA CHIMAY will make a pleasant light main dish, especially if accompanied by a pilaff of rice. Because mushroom stalks are used in it, it could be regarded as an economy dish with a dash of glamour.

First, make the *duxelle* (savory *purée*) this way: Melt together a good walnut of butter and a dessertspoon of olive oil. Add a finely chopped medium-small onion and cook until it clears, but does not colour. Add 3 to 4 oz. of finely chopped mushroom stalks, and if you wish a chopped, skinned and deseeded small tomato. Cook until the mixture is fairly dry. Season to taste with salt and pepper and a pinch of grated nutmeg.

For 4 servings, lower 8 eggs into a pan of boiling water. Bring to the boil again, then reduce the heat so that it merely simmers for 12 minutes. Plunge the eggs into cold water. Peel off the shells and skins and cut each egg in half lengthwise. Remove the yolks and beat them well with the *duxelle*.

Heap the mixture in the white "shells." Arrange them in a shallow oven-dish and coat them with Mornay sauce made with a generous cup of good Bechamel sauce well flavoured with grated Gruyère and Parmesan cheese (half-and-half) or, say, two sliced little triangles of processed *petit* Gruyère cheese. Sprinkle with a few drops of melted butter and glaze under the grill.

OEUF A L'AUREOLE follows something of the same pattern but the flavour is different. Cut 8 hard-boiled eggs in half lengthwise, and remove the yolks. Mix together $\frac{1}{2}$ pint fairly thick Bechamel sauce and a tablespoon of tubed tomato *purée*. Beat 3 tablespoons of it into the egg yolks together with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter and salt and pepper to taste. Fill the egg whites with the mixture and bake them for 7 to 8 minutes in a hot oven (425 to 450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7 to 8).

Meanwhile, let a slice of onion and a sprig of thyme infuse in the remaining sauce. Stir 3 to 4 tablespoons of thick cream into it

and heat through. Remove the onion and thyme. Pour the sauce into a heated dish and place the stuffed eggs on it. With this dish, serve spaghetti, cooked to the *al dente* stage and turned over and over in butter.

FOR OEUF A LA HONGROISE, halve 8 hard-boiled eggs as above and remove the yolks. Chop a Spanish onion fairly finely and cook it in an ounce of butter. Add the mashed egg yolks and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of paprika and press through a sieve. Season well with salt and pepper. Fill the whites with this and keep hot.

Quickly cook 8 large thick slices of tomato in butter and sprinkle them with paprika. Bring to the boil $\frac{1}{2}$ pint thick cream and several thin strips of lemon peel. Add and blend in a further pinch of paprika. Lift the eggs on to the tomato slices, trickle the strained creamy sauce over them and serve with plainly boiled rice.

Reminiscent of our bacon and eggs is the following pleasing dish for 4. Toast 4 crumpets under the grill just long enough to colour them. Transfer them to a shallow oven-dish. Grill 4 rindless rashers of streaky bacon and crumble them. Mix with 2 tablespoons of grated Gruyère cheese. Sprinkle the mixture over the crumpets, then add a raw egg to each. Pour round them a little less than $\frac{1}{4}$ pint double cream and bake in a fairly hot oven (375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5) until the eggs are set—but only just. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve at once.

FOR BAKED EGGS WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE, first make the sauce. In the upper part of a double boiler, beat 2 egg yolks and a teaspoon of water just enough to mix them. Cook very gently until the mixture becomes slightly creamy. Remove the top pan from the bottom one, add a tablespoon of cold water to the latter and replace the top pan. (The water in the lower pan must not touch it.) Keep the heat low. Now add 3 oz. of butter in small pieces, stirring each until it melts before adding the next. A dessertspoon of hot water may be added to lighten the sauce. Strain and add a squeeze or two of lemon juice to the sauce.

Mix together 3 oz. chopped lean boiled ham and $\frac{1}{2}$ breakfastcup of grated Parmesan cheese. Butter the inside of 4 ramekins and drop a raw egg into each. Sprinkle the tops with the ham-cheese mixture. Stand the ramekins in a pan of hot water and bake for 8 to 9 minutes in a fairly hot oven (400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6). Turn out the eggs, pour the sauce over them and serve with creamed sweet corn.

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Miss Lavinia Napier to Mr. Francis Alastair Lavie Robinson. *She is the daughter of the late Comdr. & Mrs. Napier, D.S.C., R.N., and of Mrs. Napier, of Buckland Monachorum. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Robinson, of Rutland Gate, W.7*



Miss Ann Gormley to Mr. David Hugh Fitzwilliam Lay. *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. J. C. Gormley, of Neville Drive, Hampstead. He is the son of the late Brig. W. O. Lay, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Lay, of Lonsdale Road, S.W.13*



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Coulson—Stapleton-Cotton: Pamela Elizabeth (Jill), elder daughter of the Rev. R. G. & Mrs. Coulson, of Stansted Rectory, Sevenoaks, Kent, was married to the Hon. Michael Stapleton-Cotton, elder son of Viscount & Viscountess Combermere, at St. Mary's, Stansted, Kent

D'Albiac—Mackenzie (right) and D'Albiac—Goulding: Yvonne, eldest daughter of Air Marshal Sir John & Lady D'Albiac, was married to John, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. A. Mackenzie, of Woking, and her sister Susan was married to Marrack, son of Mr. & Mrs. E. Irvine Goulding, of Woking, in a joint ceremony at the church of St. Mary & All Saints', Beaconsfield, Bucks



Webster—Charlton-Jones: Diana May, daughter of Mr. G. E. E. Webster, of Assington, Suffolk, and of Mrs. J. A. R. Millman, of Minehead, was married to David, youngest son of Mr. & Mrs. S. Charlton-Jones, of Manor House, N.W.1, at St. James's, Piccadilly



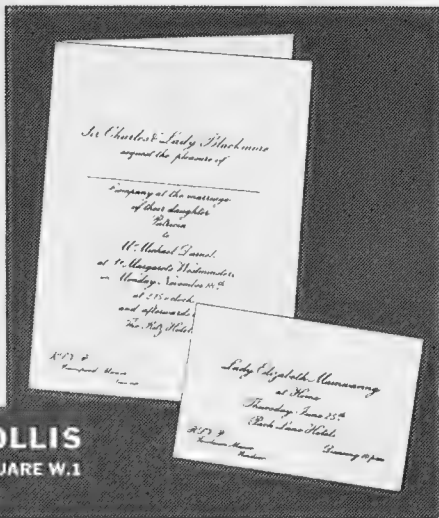
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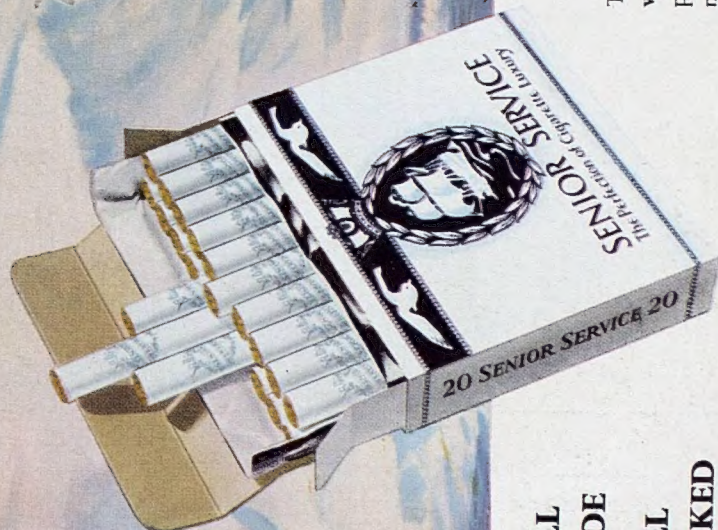

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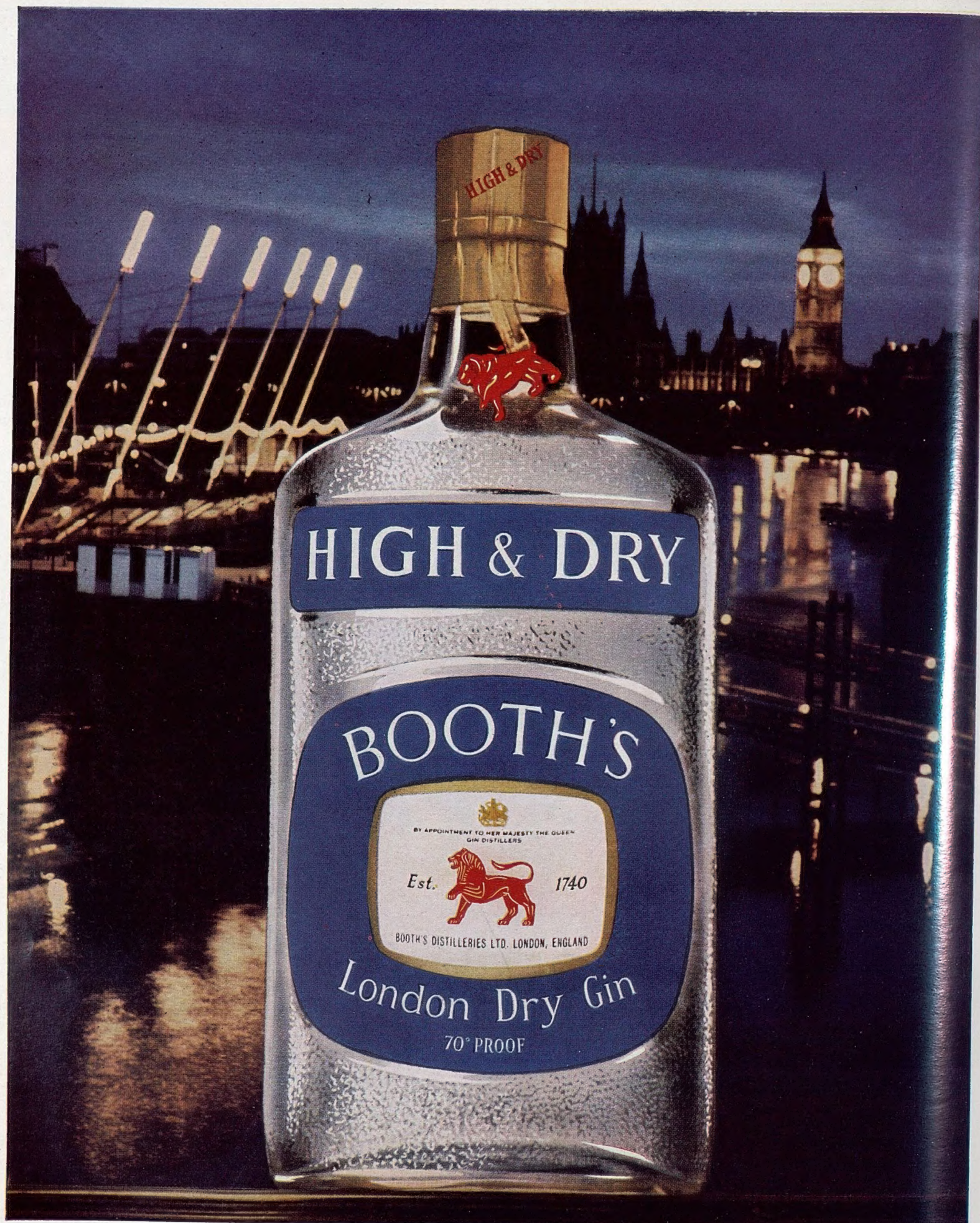
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